

ALT.TUDE



THE CADET



CHAMELEON

May

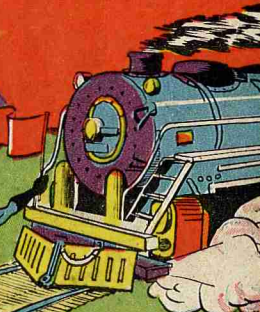


TARGET

COMICS

10¢

T
A
R
G
E
T



Vol. 3
No. 3



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

THE EDITORS' PAGE

Dear Readers:

It is time for an analysis of the comic polls we have been receiving from so many of you. Yes, Target and his Targeteers are right there in the first place of general favor; but Kit Carter, The Cadet, is giving Target stiff competition. For a while your Editors were ready to place fifty-fifty bets on these two and The Cadet rooters haven't given up yet. As for Pete Stockbridge—he has been coming up fast and there's no doubt about his popularity.

It is very difficult to classify each of the other strips, because they all have their ardent followers—and that is an interesting point which proves our constant emphasis on variety. When a reader likes a strip, his enthusiasm seems to have no bounds. We are glad that in spite of the great number of individuals reading our comic, each one of them has found a favorite in at least one of TARGET's characters.

Cordially yours,
THE EDITORS

LETTERS FROM OUR READERS

Dear Editors:

All the TARGET features are interesting, but my favorite is Bull's-Eye Bill. Since I live out here in the middle of a great cattle country, I naturally like all things western. My daddy was a rancher for many years, and he can spot a defect in a western cartoon or movie quicker'n a steer can throw a tenderfoot. And when he says Bull's-Eye Bill has true western flavor, you can bet your last peso it's the real thing.

So keep TARGET coming just like it is and I'll keep reading it. I'll be seeing you again next month, and until then—

So long, pard,
B. D. Liles
Seagraves, Texas

—(Many thanks to you, "pard," for this word of praise.)

* * *

Dear Editors:

My choice as the best story in the TARGET Comics is Pete Stockbridge, because it is so full of unexpected happenings which take you by surprise. The other stories are quite interesting, also, but I think it would be very nice if a special comic magazine was published containing all the

happenings and adventures which occur to Pete Stockbridge.

My school friends and I have chosen TARGET Comics as the most interesting comic on the stands because it is so delightful to read, and the pictures are very realistic.

Yours very truly,
Grace H. Romeo
Washington, D. C.

—(More praise for Pete, the Chameleon.)

* * *

Dear Editors:

I have read many comic magazines and TARGET is one of the best. I like it because it has such a great variety of stories. There are only two things wrong with TARGET.

The first thing is the cover. The way you make it one would think the Target was the only character in the magazine. How about having a different character on your cover every month.

The other thing is that there isn't enough Bull's-Eye Bill. He is next to the best in Target Comics. The best is the Target and the Targeteers.

A TARGET reader,
Arthur Dandoy
Butler, Pennsylvania

—(We agree that covers should show a variety of characters, Arthur, and

you will note that TARGET covers now do this.)

* * *

Dear Editors:

I have just finished reading the January issue (1942) of TARGET Comics, and boy, did I get a kick out of every story. The stories I like best are The Cadet, Chameleon, and The Target and The Targeteers. Every time I read TARGET, The Cadet seems to be longer and better. Our gang has named our club "The Cadet's Club." We have three radios and two microphones. Every time we buy TARGET we put on an act over the radio for our club and neighbors. They all crowd around the radio to listen. We make them pay 3 cents each. That's how I buy my TARGET. Our gang would sure be grateful, if you would only add two more pages to The Cadet.

Thank you,
Theodore Elizondo
Salt Lake City, Utah

—(More power to your club and its radio performances, Theodore. You get a "kick" out of TARGET. The Editors get a "kick" from hearing about the many different ways our readers show their enthusiasm.)

\$1.00 FOR EACH LETTER PUBLISHED

ADDRESS YOUR MAIL TO TARGET COMICS, 292 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, NEW YORK

The CADET

Featuring
**KIT
CARTER**

BLAM!!

PROFESSOR NORTON,
A CHEMISTRY
TEACHER AT
DAUNTON MILITARY
ACADEMY, HAS
DISAPPEARED!
"WHAT HAS
HAPPENED TO
THE PROFESSOR?"
IS THE QUESTION
ON THE MIND
OF EACH CADET,
INCLUDING
KIT CARTER
AND HIS CHUM,
DAN MERRY...
DO YOU
KNOW?

KAPITAN
AND
JORDAN

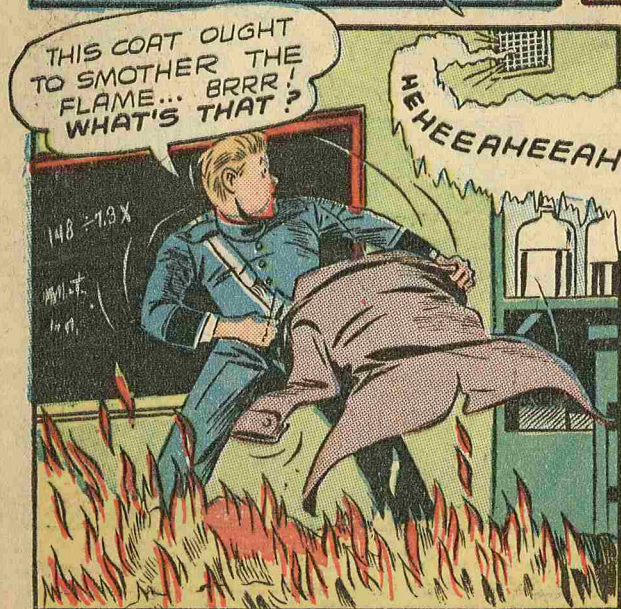
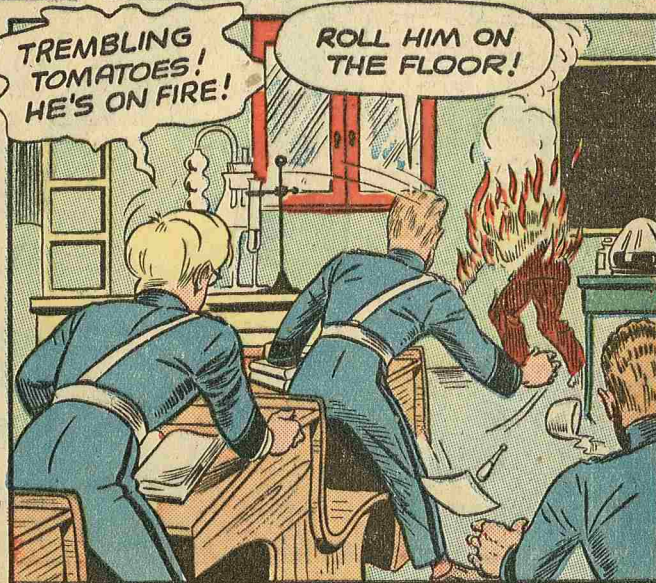
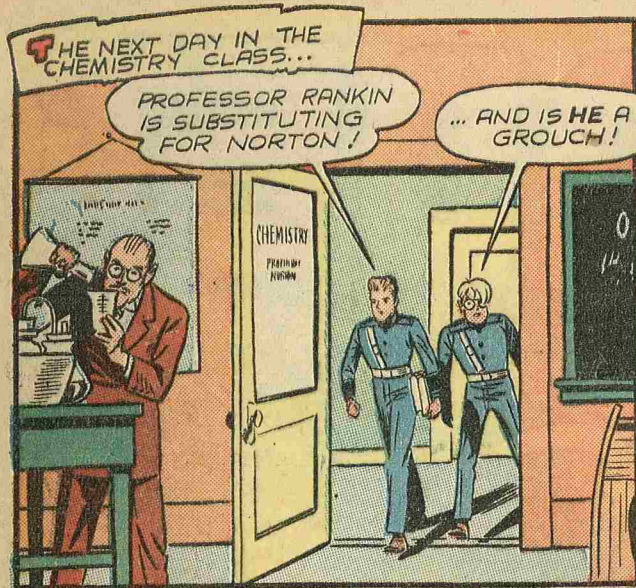
WONDER WHEN PROFESSOR
NORTON IS GOING
TO SHOW UP?

YEAH!
HE WOULD
DISAPPEAR JUST
WHEN MY CHEMISTRY
HAS IMPROVED!

THAT MAN... HIS
FACE, HE
HAS NONE!
MERRY... LOOK!

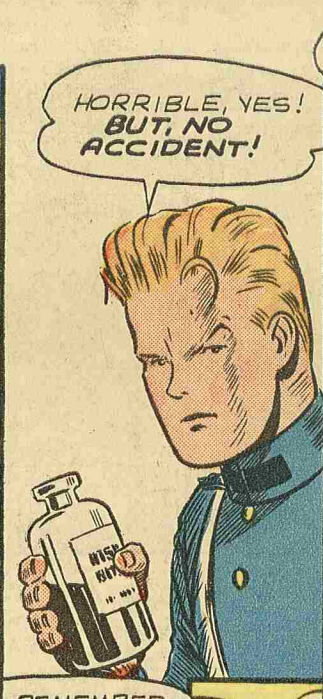
HUH? WHAT?
ARE YOU
ALL RIGHT,
KIT?

TARGET COMICS, Vol. 3, No. 3, May 1942, published monthly by Novelty Press, Inc., P. O. Box 1198, Philadelphia, Pa., editorial offices, 292 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. Printed in U. S. A., Copyright, 1942, by Funnies Incorporated, New York, N. Y., U. S. A. Price 10 cents per copy. Subscription price \$2.00 per year in U. S. A. Entered as Second-Class Matter December 5, 1939 at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, under Act of March 3, 1879. No living person is named or delineated in this magazine.

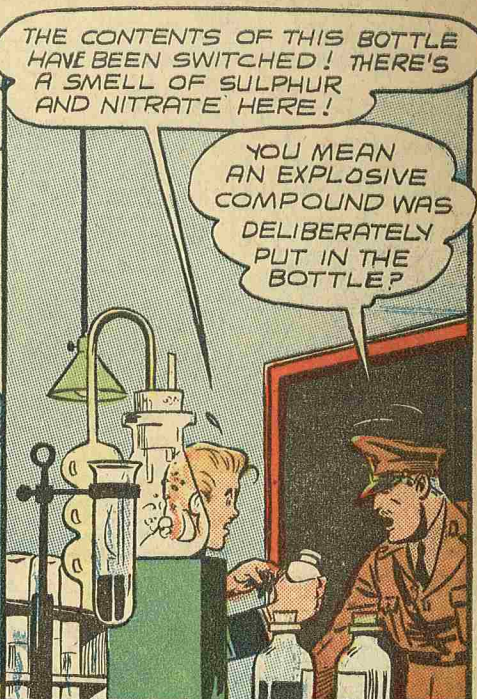




YOU SAY THE CHEMICALS
SUDDENLY EXPLODED?
HORRIBLE! A TERRIBLE
ACCIDENT!

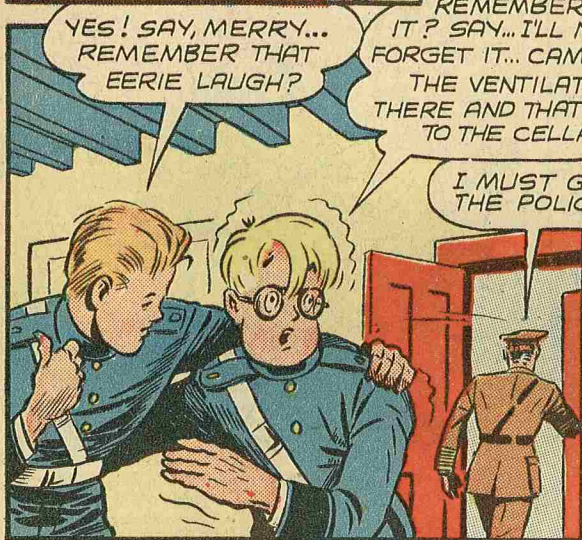


HORRIBLE, YES!
**BUT, NO
ACCIDENT!**



THE CONTENTS OF THIS BOTTLE
HAVE BEEN SWITCHED! THERE'S
A SMELL OF SULPHUR
AND NITRATE HERE!

YOU MEAN
AN EXPLOSIVE
COMPOUND WAS
DELIBERATELY
PUT IN THE
BOTTLE?



YES! SAY, MERRY...
REMEMBER THAT
EERIE LAUGH?

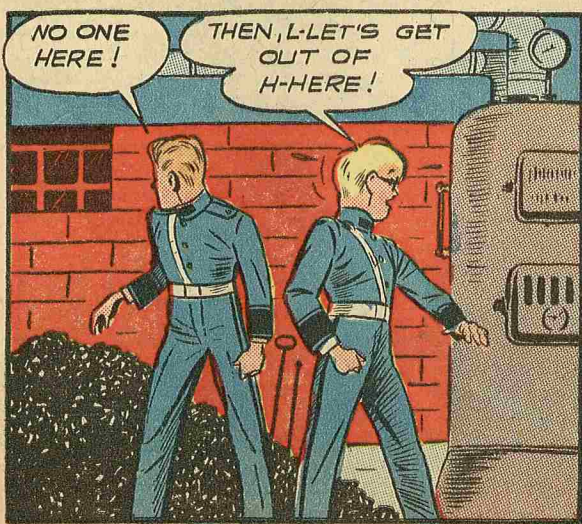
REMEMBER
IT? SAY... I'LL NEVER
FORGET IT... CAME FROM
THE VENTILATOR
THERE AND THAT LEADS
TO THE CELLAR!

I MUST GET
THE POLICE!



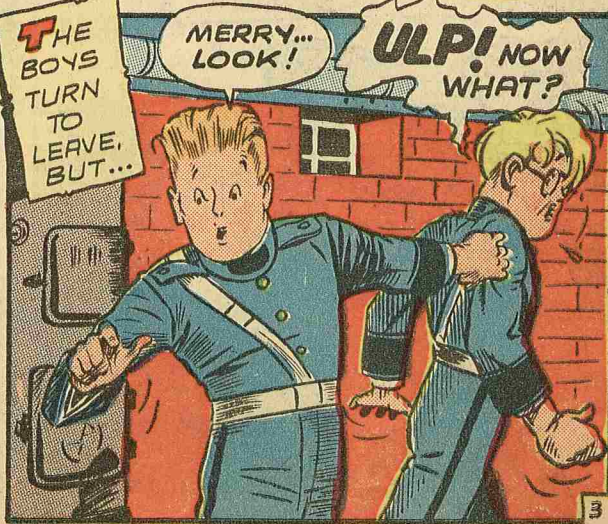
WONDER WHO'D WANT
TO KILL RANKIN?

ASK THE
QUIZ
KIDS!



NO ONE
HERE!

THEN, L-LET'S GET
OUT OF
H-HERE!



THE
BOYS
TURN
TO
LEAVE,
BUT...

MERRY...
LOOK!

ULP! NOW
WHAT?



GALLOPING
GHOSTS!
IT'S A HAND!

GET BUSY WITH
A SHOVEL! WE'RE
GOING TO MINE
A BODY... I
THINK!



NOW I KNOW HOW A
GRAVE DIGGER
FEELS... ONLY I FEEL
WORSE!

KEEP
SHOVELING!



PROFESSOR
NORTON...
STRANGLER!

K-KIT
LET'S BEAT IT!
I FEEL
SICK!



FIRST RANKIN... THEN
NORTON, AND BOTH
CHEMISTRY TEACHERS!

IF THIS
KEEPS UP,
WE WON'T
HAVE TO
WORRY
ABOUT
PASSING
THE "CHEM"
TESTS!



L-LOOK!

RIGHT, MY
SCHOLARS!



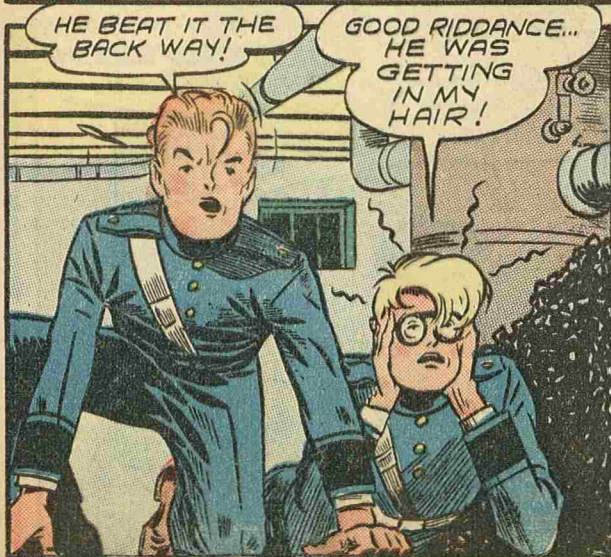
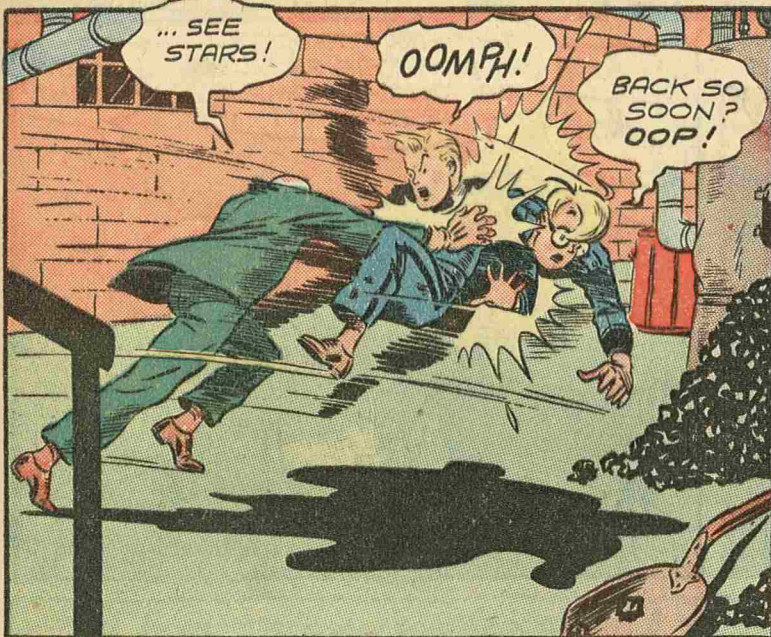
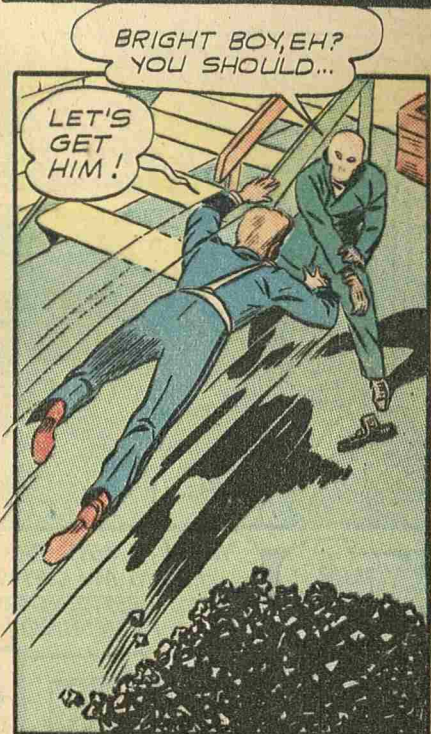
HIS FACE!
THERE IS
NONE!

THE MAN
WE SAW
LAST
NIGHT!

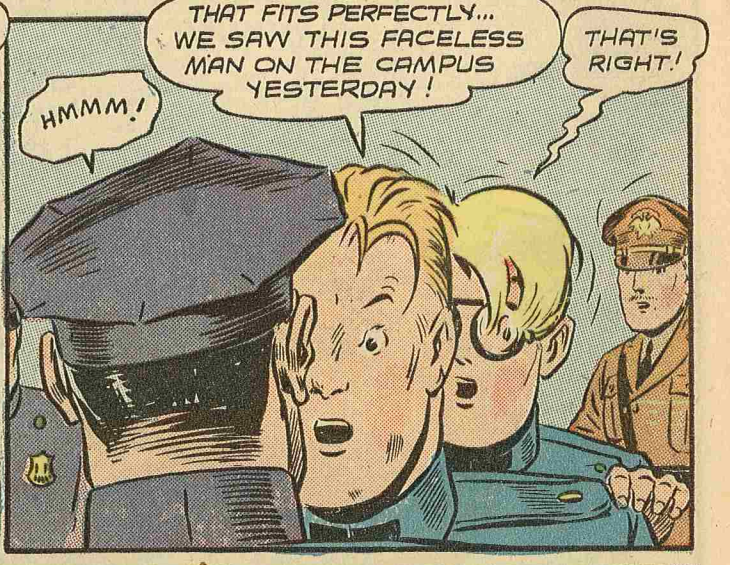
NO FACE,
INDEED! HAH!
BUT YOU'LL SEE
IT YET... YOU'LL
SEE IT!
AND WHEN YOU
DO, YOU'LL
DIE!
HAH! HEE!



AT THE SAME TIME, KIT LEAPS!



SEVERAL MINUTES LATER, UPSTAIRS...





DEAD! HIS HEAD
BASHED IN!

WHAT
IS
THIS?

CAME FROM
ABOVE!

SUFFERIN'
SNAILS! THE
LAST CHEMISTRY
PROFESSOR
AT DAUNTON!



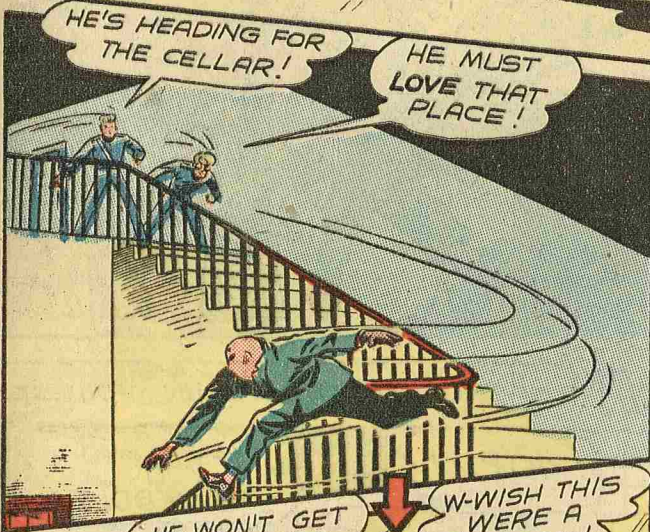
HE MUST BE
UP HERE!

I'M WITH YOU, KIT. B-BUT
M-MY NERVE HAS
STAYED BEHIND!



THERE HE
GOES!

HE USED THE FIRE EXTINGUISHER
AS A WAR-CLUB... POOR
BANGLEY...AND POOR ME IF
I GET CAUGHT BY THAT
NOSELESS NUT!



HE'S HEADING FOR
THE CELLAR!

HE MUST
LOVE THAT
PLACE!



HE WON'T GET
AWAY THIS
TIME!

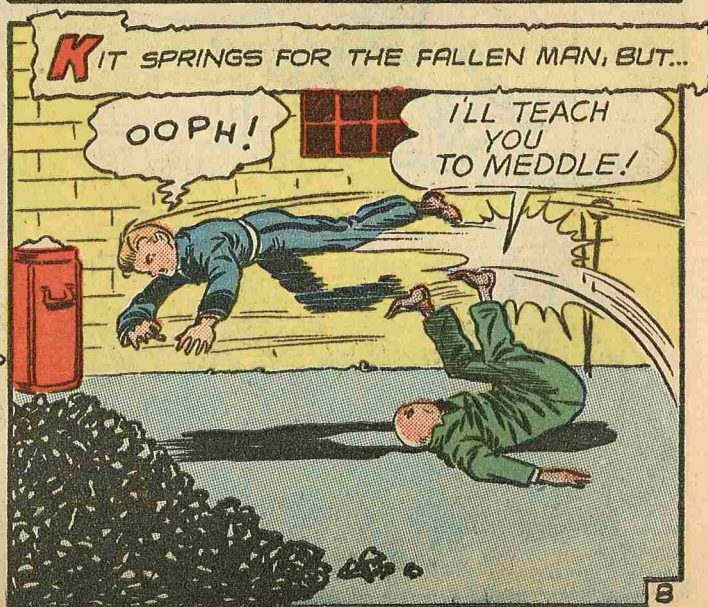
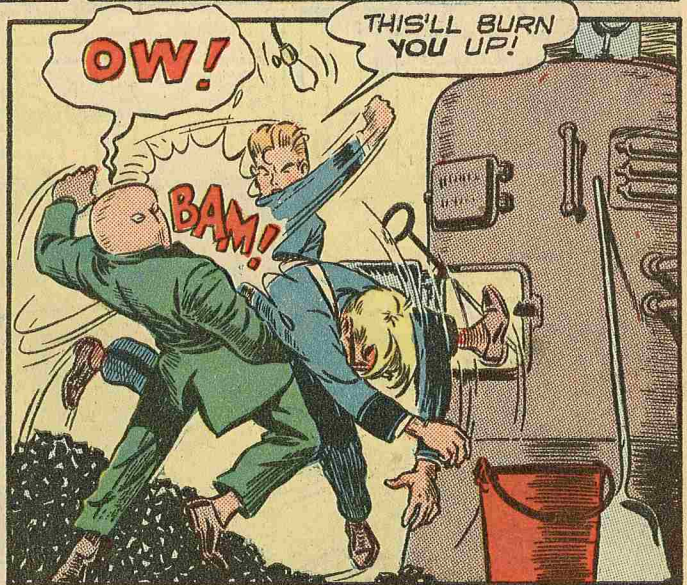
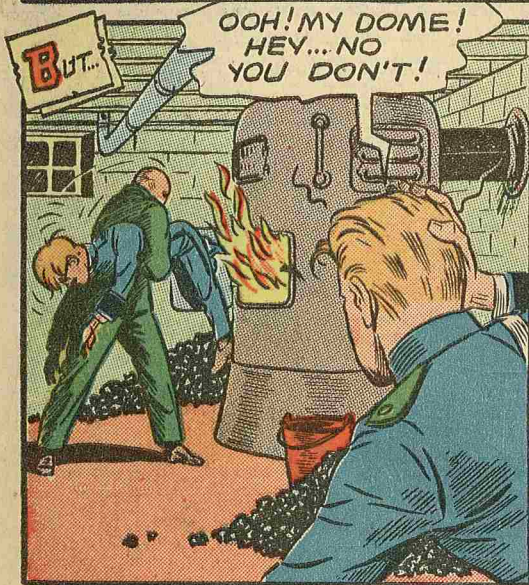
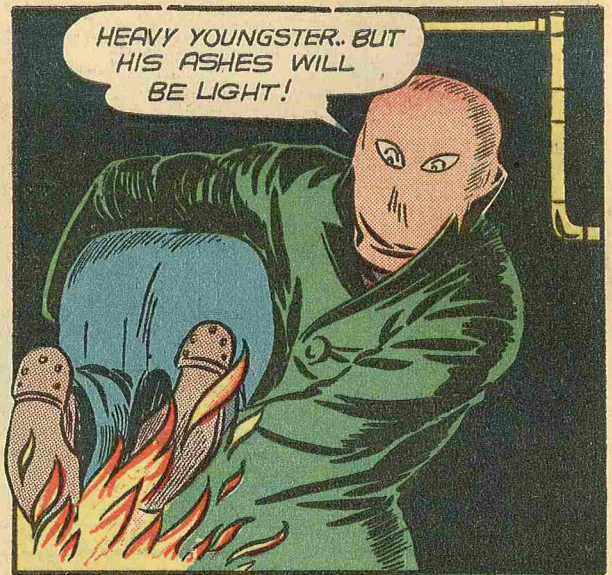
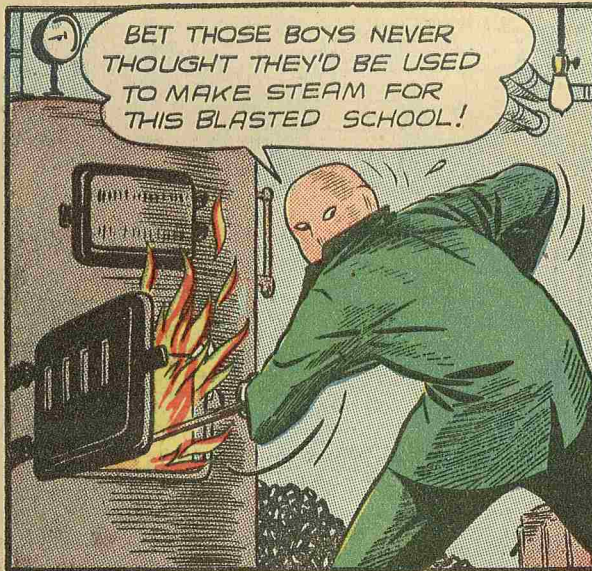
W-WISH THIS
WERE A
DREAM!

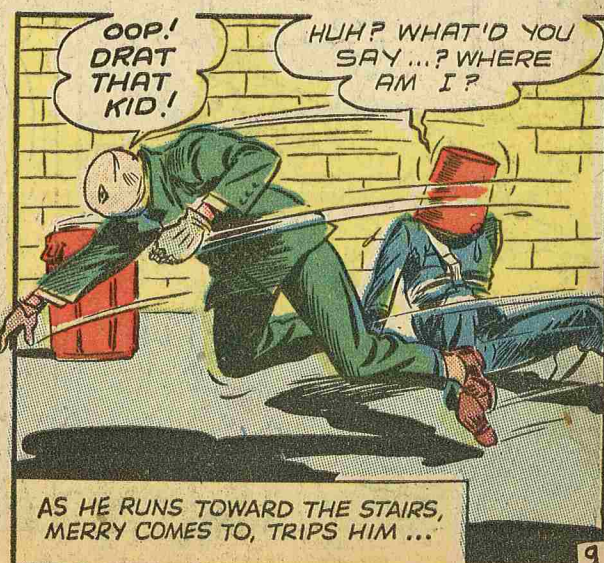
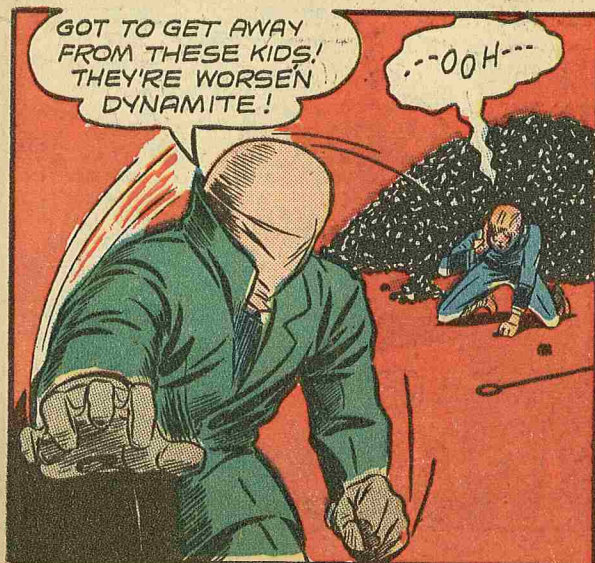
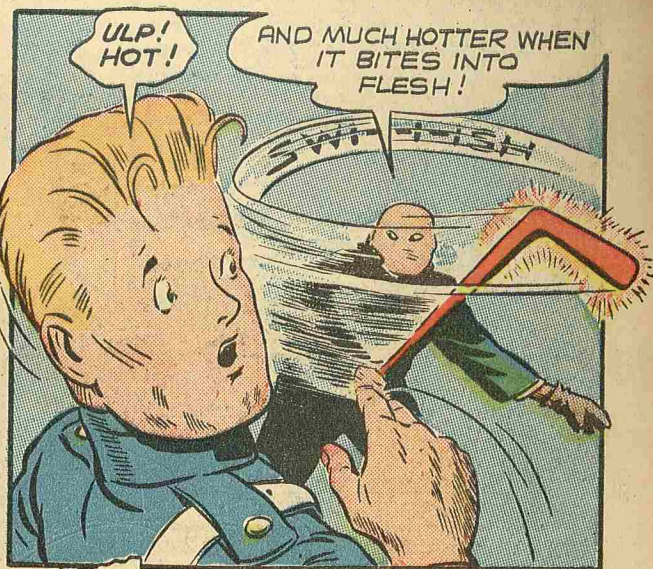


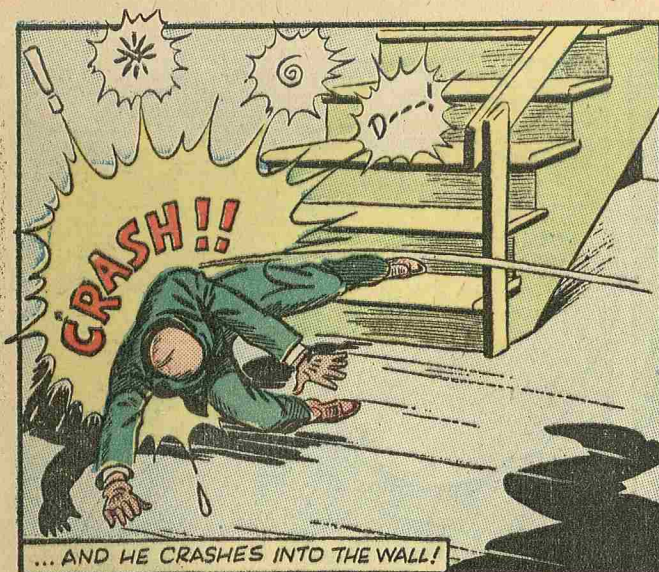
REACHING
THE CELLAR...

WE MEET AGAIN
FOR THE LAST
TIME!

ULP!







... AND HE CRASHES INTO THE WALL!



THERE HE IS!

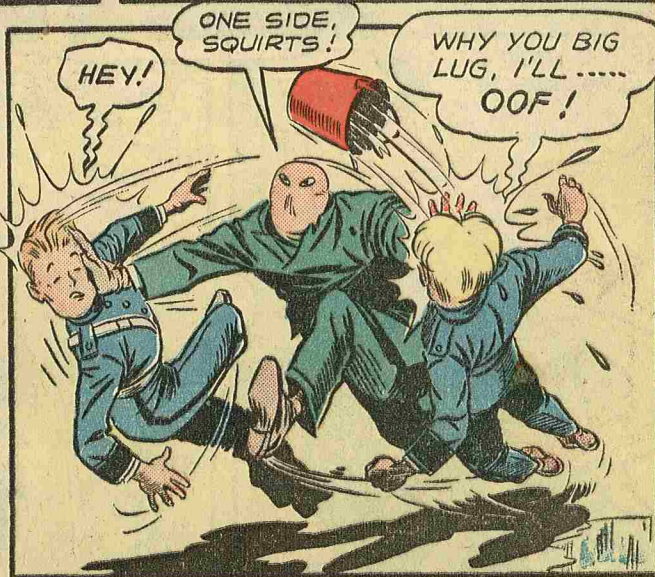
MORE TROUBLE, EH? I'LL END THIS FOR GOOD!



THAT STEAM RELEASE VALVE... I MUST REACH IT!

HERE COMES WHOZIS!

WATCH OUT!



HEY!

ONE SIDE, SQUIRTS!

WHY YOU BIG LUG, I'LL..... OOF!



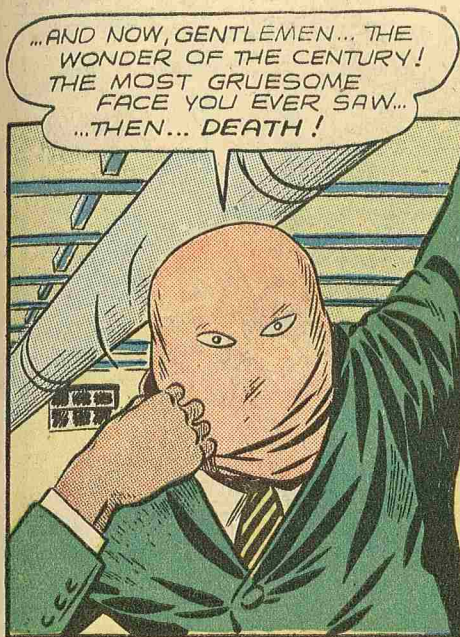
I MUST WORK FAST! THERE! IT'S LOOSE!



STOP! ONE MORE STEP AND I TWIST THE VALVE OPEN ALL THE WAY!

THERE'S LIVE STEAM IN THAT PIPE!

IT'LL FILL THE PLACE WITH SCALDING STEAM!



...AND NOW, GENTLEMEN... THE WONDER OF THE CENTURY! THE MOST GRUESOME FACE YOU EVER SAW... THEN... DEATH!



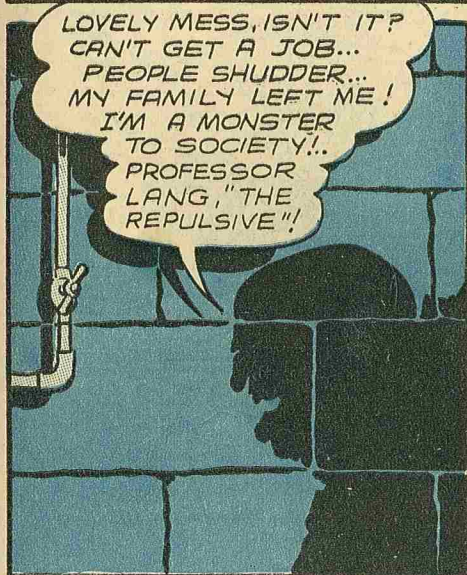
AGHRR! GHASTLY!

GENTLEMEN... MY FACE IS MY MOTIVE!

MOTHER MACREE! WHAT A FACE!

WHEW!

GULPING GOLDFISH!



LOVELY MESS, ISN'T IT? CAN'T GET A JOB... PEOPLE SHUDDER... MY FAMILY LEFT ME! I'M A MONSTER TO SOCIETY!.. PROFESSOR LANG, "THE REPULSIVE"!



NORTON, BANGLEY AND RANKIN WERE RESPONSIBLE! YES! I KILLED THEM! I TAUGHT CHEMISTRY AT MILFORD SCHOOL ... THEY WERE THERE TOO... ONE DAY THEY PLAYED A JOKE ON ME WHILE I WAS DOING AN EXPERIMENT. IT CAUSED AN EXPLOSION! I RECOVERED, BUT LOST MY FACE FOREVER!



I'VE LIVED LIKE A BEGGAR SINCE! FOR TEN YEARS! AND NOW THAT I'VE GOT MY REVENGE, I'VE NOTHING LEFT TO LIVE FOR!

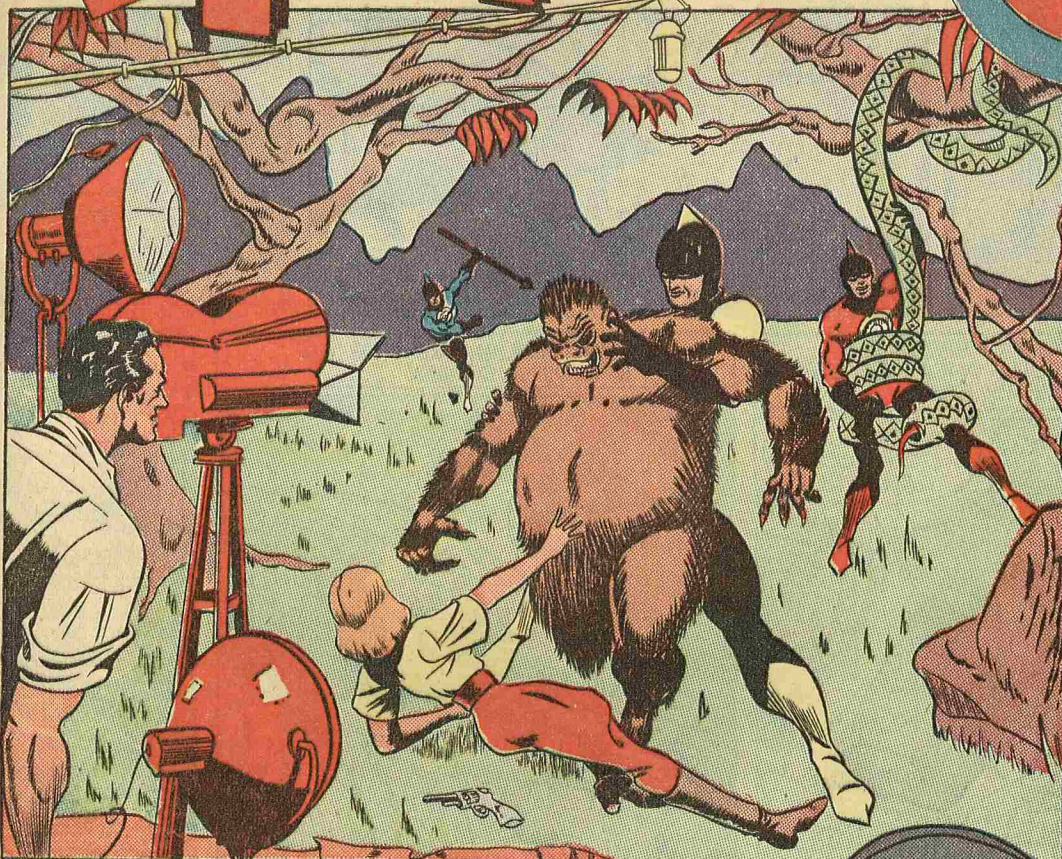


WE DIE! HAH! HEE!

...THIS HANDKERCHIEF..



THE TARGET and the



THE TARGET AND THE TARGETEERS BECOME ACTORS IN A 'SUPER-COLOSSAL' PRODUCTION AT THE LIBERTY STUDIOS, BUT A REAL DRAMA INTERVENES TO TEST THE BRAINS AND BRAWN OF THE FEARLESS TRIO, AND THEY COME THROUGH WITH FLYING COLORS...

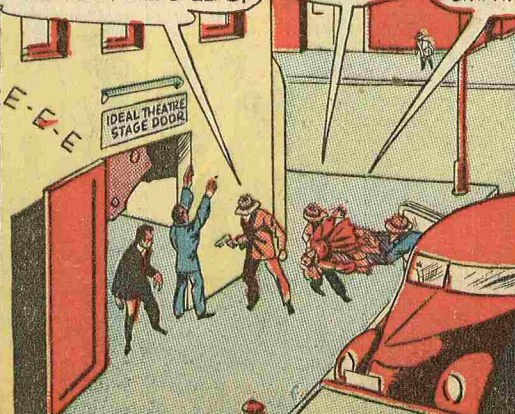
NILES REED IS WALKING DOWN HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD, WHEN SUDDENLY...



DON'T ANYONE TRY TO STOP US, OR WE'LL FILL YOU FULL O' LEAD!

GET HER IN DE CAR, MUGGSY!

LET ME GO!-UMPH!



AWAY SPEEDS THE CAR



TARGETEERS

by SID GREENE

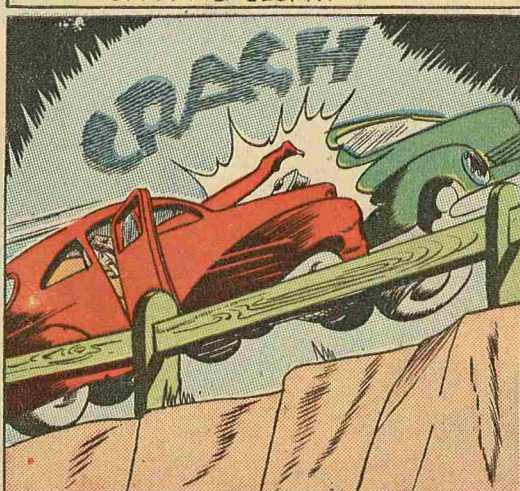
NILES RACES TO HIS CAR.



WITH A BURST OF SPEED, THE TARGET PULLS AHEAD OF THE ABDUCTORS' CAR ...

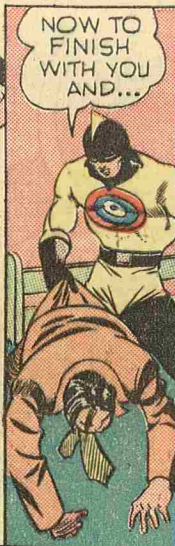


... AND SWERVES IN FRONT OF THE SPEEDING SEDAN!

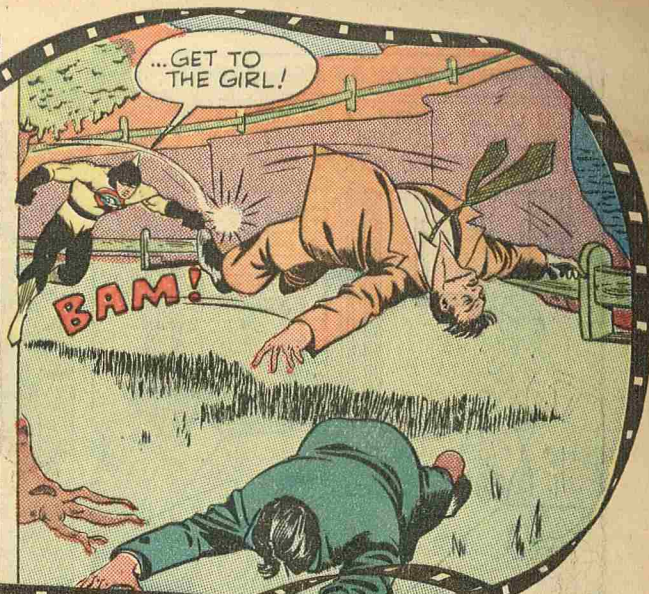




I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF THIS FOOLISHNESS!



NOW TO FINISH WITH YOU AND...



...GET TO THE GIRL!



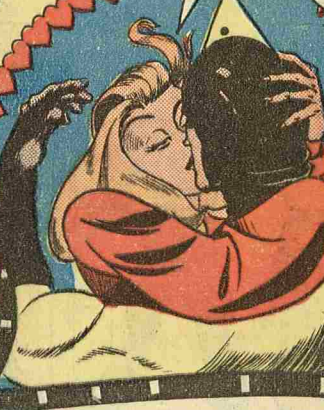
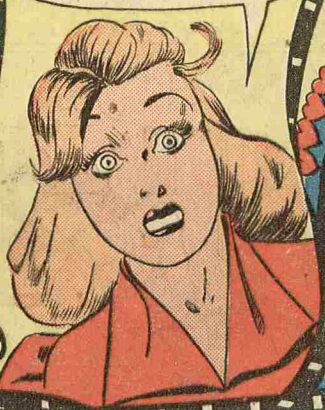
WELL, I'LL BE--! IT'S BLANA BARNER, THE MOVIE ACTRESS! MISS BARNER, MISS BARNER! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

OH! THEY WERE GOING TO HOLD ME FOR RANSOM! --AND YOU SAVED ME!

I WAS MAKING A PERSONAL APPEARANCE AT THE IDEAL THEATRE, WHEN THESE MEN BARGED INTO MY DRESSING ROOM, AND DRAGGED ME OUT!

--AND TO THINK THAT I WAS SAVED BY THE TARGET! OH! YOU GREAT WONDERFUL MAN! MY HERO!

N-NOW W-WAIT-- I GOTTA TIE THESE GUYS UP. I-I-OH-OH!



WELL, NOW, THEY'RE HARMLESS. THERE'S A GAS STATION HALF A MILE DOWN THE ROAD. WE CAN CALL THE POLICE FROM THERE.

LET'S GO, TARGET!



SO LONG! DON'T FORGET TO CALL THE POLICE!

I WON'T! GOODBYE!



MISS, WAS THAT THE TARGET?

YES, I WISH I HAD HIM FOR MY LEADING MAN.

THE NEXT DAY...

HOLLYWOOD NEWS

TARGET RESCUES BLANA BARNER

TARGET LEAVES WITH A KISS FROM MISS BARNER

CALLS TARGET "ADORABLE"

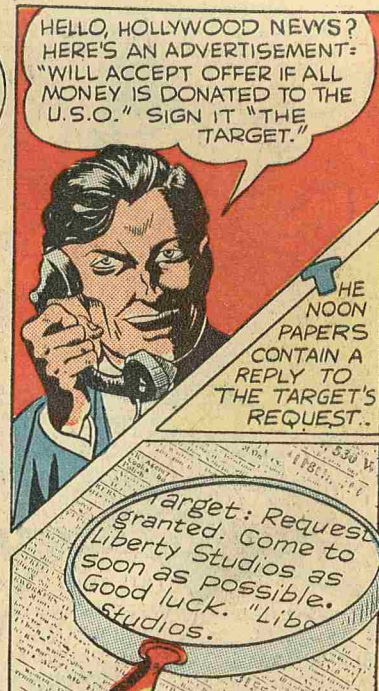
POLICE NAB UNCONSCIOUS KIDNAPPERS



3

B

BREAKFAST AT NILES REED'S APARTMENT.

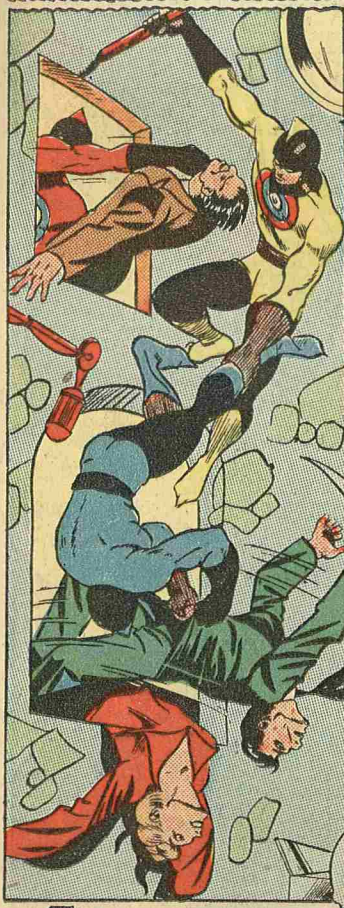


A

ARRIVING AT THE STUDIO, NILES, TOM, AND DAVE ARE GREETED BY MR. HART, OWNER OF LIBERTY STUDIOS.



WITH CONSUMMATE EASE, THE FAMOUS TRIO EXECUTES THE PERILOUS SCENE.



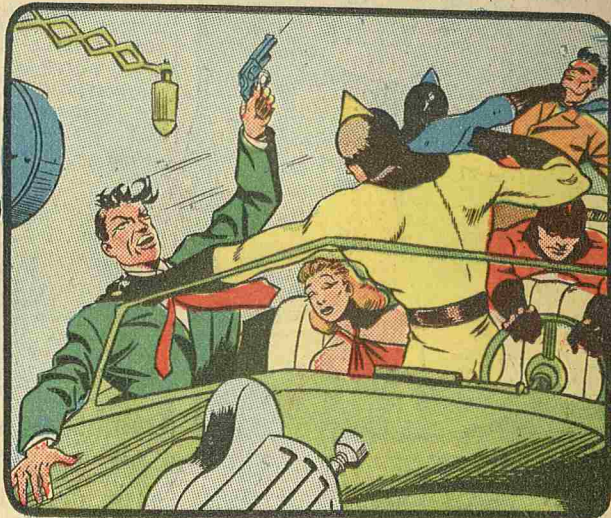
OH, TARGET, YOU WERE MARVELOUS!

NOW, HAVE YOU GOT THIS SCENE STRAIGHT?

YES, LET'S GO!



THE TARGET AND THE TARGETEERS DO THEIR NEXT PARTS PERFECTLY.



NOW, IN THIS SCENE, TARGET, YOU SAVE THEM FROM THE CROOKS. AND-- HA, HA! DON'T WORRY! THEY'LL SHOOT BLANKS!

WHAT?



NOTHING DOIN'! EITHER REAL BULLETS ARE USED, OR WE QUIT!

BLANKS? WHO D'YOU THINK WE ARE?

YEAH?

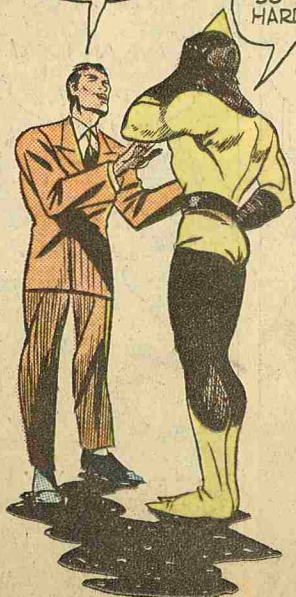


ANOTHER BREATHTAKING SCENE IS COMPLETED FLAWLESSLY.



WELL, THAT'S ALL FOR TODAY, FOLKS! TARGET, YOU'LL GET DIALOGUE TOMORROW. SHOOTING STARTS AT 8 A.M.

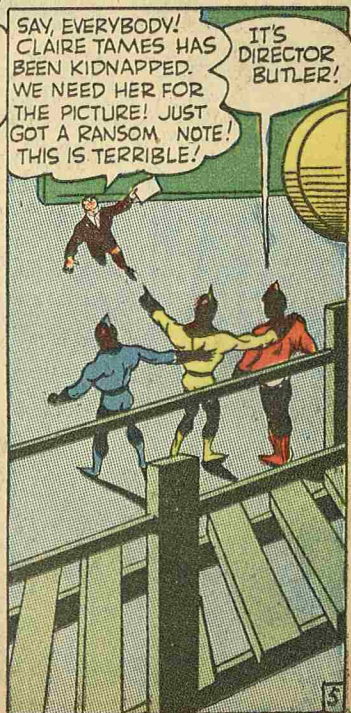
BOY! I DIDN'T KNOW MOVIE WORK WAS SO HARD!



THE NEXT MORNING, EIGHT O' CLOCK.....

SAY, EVERYBODY! CLAIRE TAMES HAS BEEN KIDNAPPED. WE NEED HER FOR THE PICTURE! JUST GOT A RANSOM. NOTE! THIS IS TERRIBLE!

IT'S DIRECTOR BUTLER!





OH, I THINK SOMEONE IS KIDDING.

NO! NO! HERE --READ IT FOR YOURSELF!

I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE IT!

Check \$50,000 in suitcase at railroad station by six P.M. or Claire Tames will be disfigured.



THE MAKE-UP ARTIST COMES ONTO THE SET WITH CLAIRE TAMES' MOTHER ...

OH, TARGET, YOU MUST SAVE MY BABY! MY BEAUTIFUL DAUGHTER, DISFIGURED!

TARGET YOU'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING!



WE'LL SEE MR. HART. HE MUST PAY THE MONEY!

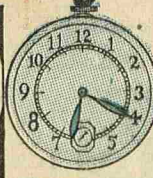


SO YOU SEE, TARGET, LIBERTY PRODUCTIONS PUT EVERY CENT INTO YOUR PICTURE, HOPING IT'LL BE A HIT AT THE BOX OFFICE. RIGHT NOW, WE'RE PRACTICALLY BROKE!

WELL, THAT'S A BIG HELP! AND THE POLICE. HAVEN'T A SINGLE CLUE! HMM!



WELL, DON'T SIT THERE! CALL THE "G" MEN! CALL THE POLICE! FIND OUT IF THEY'VE FOUND ANYTHING SINCE!



THE DEADLINE IS PASSED.

A MESSENGER BOY DELIVERS AN ENVELOPE TO MR. HART IN HIS OFFICE.



OH, THIS IS TERRIBLE! IT'S A PICTURE OF CLAIRE! IT'S HORRIBLE! WHERE DID YOU PICK THIS UP, SON!

IT WAS LEFT AT THE OFFICE WITH THIS NOTE, SIR!

NOTE? WHAT NOTE?

HERE.



HART CALLS IN THE TARGET ...

LOOK! CLAIRE TAMES DISFIGURED, AND NOW A THREAT TO BORGIA BARRELL!

WOW! \$100,000! THESE GUYS TALK IN TELEPHONE NUMBERS!

I'LL GET THE BOYS!



WE CAN'T LET THEM MUTILATE HER AS THEY DID MISS TAMES. BOYS! I HAVE AN IDEA! BLANA CAN HELP US!...



--OF COURSE YOU'LL BE TAKING A RISK...

YOU SEE, ALL YOU'LL HAVE TO DO IS LET THE KIDNAPERS GET WIND OF THE FACT THAT YOU HAVE NO POLICE PROTECTION--IN OTHER WORDS YOU'LL BE THE "BAIT."

IF YOU'RE LOOKING AFTER ME, TARGET, IT'S A DEAL!

**THE EVENING PAPERS
CARRY THE STORY...**

HOLLYWOOD NEWS, MAY 31, 1942

STUDIO GOSSIP by Gilly Gil

**BLANA BARNER
TODAY REFUSED
POLICE PRO-
TECTION, SAY-
ING: "I'M NOT
AFRAID OF
THIS COWARD-
LY CRIMINAL."**

Fin ly, when John Nic-
Brow was about a year
Mrs. Brow let it be know-
unless the press in the U
ceased writing sensational
regarding the pampered
"exaggerated" tales of h
she would take him
and keep him there.
Mrs. Brow never m
that threat—and new
tore continued to c
Nichol Brow as a
which led many
Mrs. Brow rather
being the mother
of "the richest
world."
Photographers v
to point cameras
of John Nicholas
of a princeling of a n
was more closely
It is the wor
that he grew i
sensible man, w
and an undist
Eventually,
for the Brow
and too, place among
the early education of
the but always they
not a fearful eye
an institut

BUT, IN THE
PRIVACY OF HER
HOME, BLANA
BEGINS TO SHOW
HER FEAR.

OH, I **DO** HOPE
NOTHING GOES
WRONG! OH,
TARGET, DO
YOUR STUFF!

OUTSIDE, THE TARGET AND THE TARGETEERS,
TRUE TO THEIR WORD, ARE WATCHING CAREFULLY.

THAT'S
THEM!

QUIET, WE DON'T
WANT THEM TO
HEAR US!

THEY'RE
GOIN'
INSIDE...

BOY! THEY'RE
SURE STEPPING
ON IT!

SHE'S A
LITTLE
TIGER!

YEAH, SHE BIT
ME! GET HER
IN THE CAR!

I HOPE THEY PAY UP
FOR YOUR SAKE, BABY.
IT'D BE A SHAME TO
CUT YOUR PRETTY FACE UP!

YOU
DOG!

NOT TOO
CLOSE, TOM!
WE DON'T
WANT 'EM TO
SEE US!

**BLANA IS BLINDFOLDED,
AND THE CAR SPURTS
FOREWARD...**

THEY'RE STOPPING!
STOP! QUICKLY!
WE CAN SEE WHERE
THEY GO FROM
HERE!

RIGHT!

SHE
FAINTED!

WAKE HER UP!
I WANT HER TO
WITNESS THIS NEXT
OPERATION AND
DESCRIBE IT IN A
NOTE TO HART!--
HA, HAH!

**THEY SEE THE
KIDNAPPERS PULL UP TO
AN UNUSED HOLLYWOOD
RESIDENCE**

--AND THE
GIRL IS
DRAGGED
INSIDE--



WELL, MISS BARNER, NOW YOU'LL SEE HOW I'LL CHANGE THE APPEARANCE OF BORGIA. REALLY, LIBERTY STUDIOS SHOULD PAY WHEN I DEMAND IT! I HOPE THEY DO, FOR YOUR SAKE!

YOU BEAST!

SHE'S TIED DOWN TIGHT, BOSS!



CHOOSE YOUR MAN, BOYS, AND LET 'EM HAVE IT!

HERE'S WHERE YOU GET PAID OFF! RAT!

BUT THE ATTEMPT TO FRIGHTEN BLANA INTO WRITING A NOTE TO HART FALLS THROUGH!



BROTHER! I'LL TAKE GOOD CARE OF YOU!

WHILE TOM PICKS HIS...



Y'SHOULDA DUCKED, BUD!

BOP!

AND NILES GOES THEM ONE BETTER!



THIS FINISHES THE GANG, BOYS! GET THE LEADER!

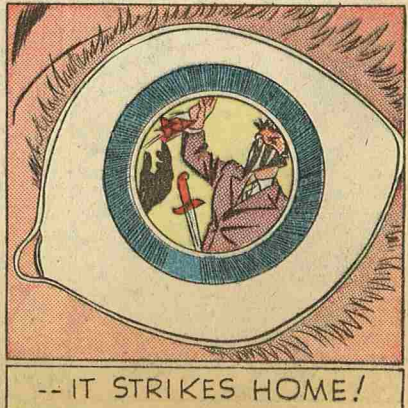
OH-H!



OUT OF A CORNER, WHERE HE WAS CRINGING IN FEAR, RUSHES THE "BOSS."

LET ME ESCAPE OR I'LL RUN THIS KNIFE THROUGH HER HEART!

BLANA WATCHES IN TERROR AS THE TARGET WHIPS A DART OUT OF HIS INVISIBLE BELT POCKET AND HURLS IT WITH THE SPEED OF LIGHTNING--



-- IT STRIKES HOME!



YOU'RE THE ONE WHO'S GONNA GET STUCK, BUD!

WHAM!



THE CRIMINAL IS UNMASKED!

BLANA! IT'S EASTLITTLE! THE MAKE-UP ARTIST! I-I-CAN'T BELIEVE IT! HE SEEMED TO BE SO PEACEFUL AND GENTLE

I CAN'T BELIEVE IT MYSELF! UNTIE ME, PLEASE, TARGET!



SAY, BOYS, LOOK AROUND FOR CLAIRE TAMES WHILE I UNTIE THE GIRLS!

O.K., TARGET!



HERE SHE IS, TARGET!

UNTIE ME, PLEASE!

OH, CLAIRE! HOW COULD THE BEAST DO A THING LIKE THAT TO YOU?



LOOK! ONLY MAKE-UP, GIRLS! SEE? I CAN WIPE IT OFF.... YOU DON'T KNOW HOW GLAD I AM TO SEE YOU! AND THE TARGETEERS!



CLAIRE, DID YOU KNOW THAT EAST-LITTLE WAS BEHIND ALL THIS?

YES-- I FOUND OUT ACCIDENTALLY-- SO, INTENDING TO KILL ME, HE EXPLAINED THAT HE WANTED TO BANKRUPT THE STUDIO AND BUY IT FOR HIMSELF!



IS ALL THIS TRUE, EASTLITTLE?

Y-YES-- BUT I DIDN'T INTEND TO HARM THEM-- I-- I--



OH, TARGET, YOU WERE MARVELOUS!

EASY, GALS!

YOU, DARLING BOY!

TARGET, I OWE MY LIFE TO YOU!



OH, WELL, I GUESS WE'RE NOTHING BUT STEP-CHILDREN, TOMMY!

YEAH, DAVE, I MIGHT AS WELL CALL THE POLICE...

THESE GALS! TCH-TCH!

THE TARGETEERS RETURN WITH PRINCESS HOHOHUE IN NEXT MONTH'S **TARGET** COMICS!

SPECK

SPOT and SIS..

HOW'S A FELLER GONNA
HAVE ANY FUN WITH A
KID SISTER SPYIN' ON
HIS EVERY MOVE?
HUH?

NERTS!

Speck is a
Bad Boy

Speck Love

My diary
by
SPECK

VINCENT.

YIP-EE! SPRING IS HERE AGAIN
AND I FEEL LIKE DOING
THINGS IN A BIG WAY!

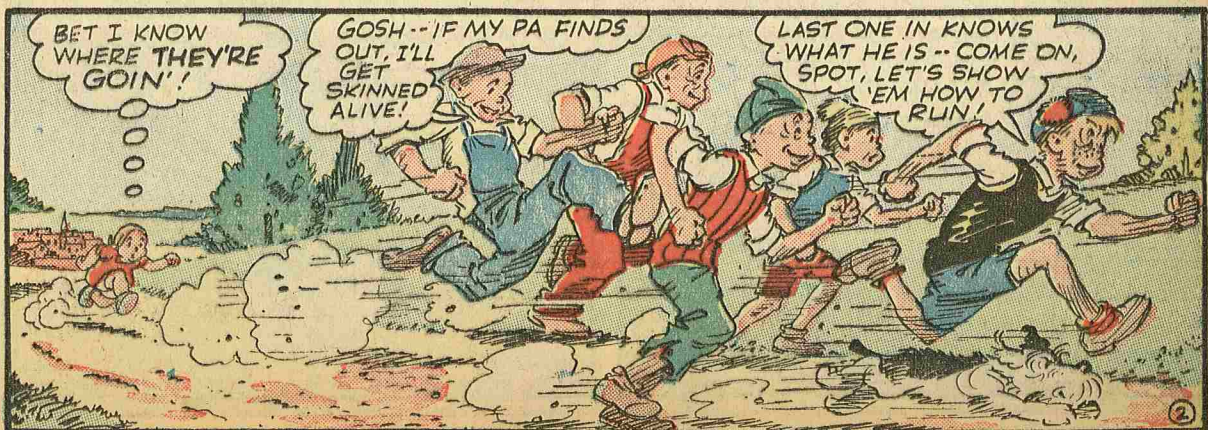
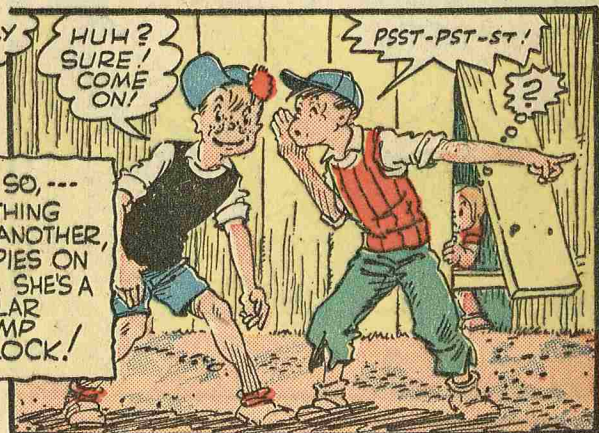
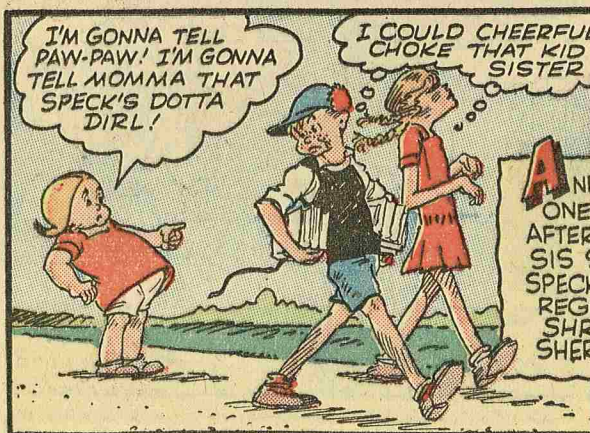
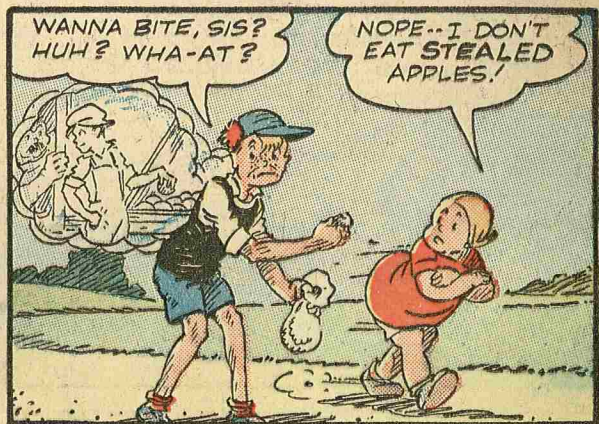
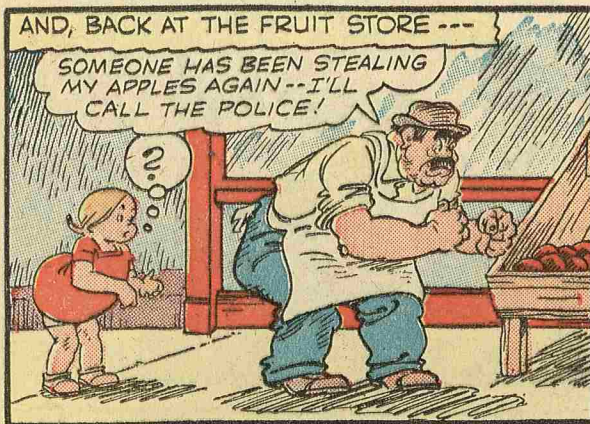
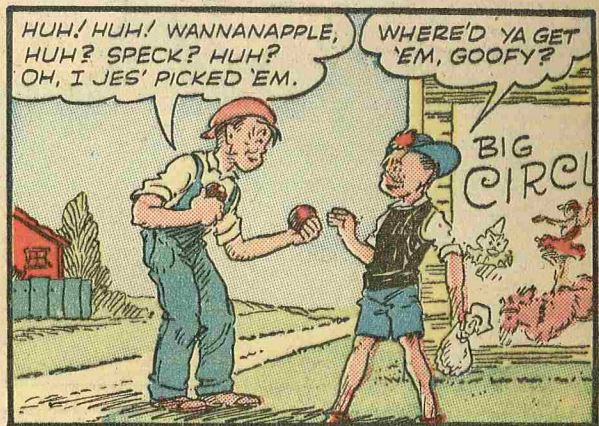
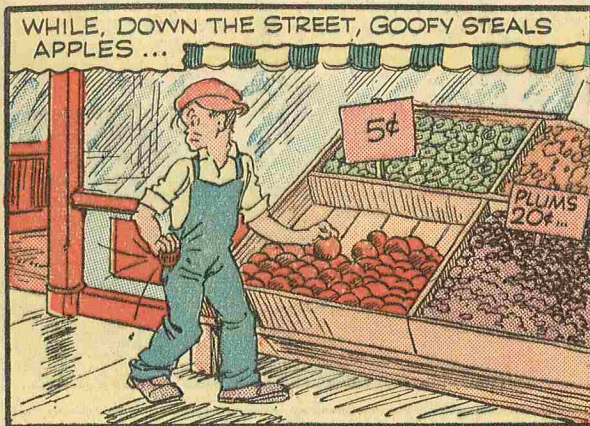
COME ON! KNUCKLE DOWN!
KNUCKLE DOWN!

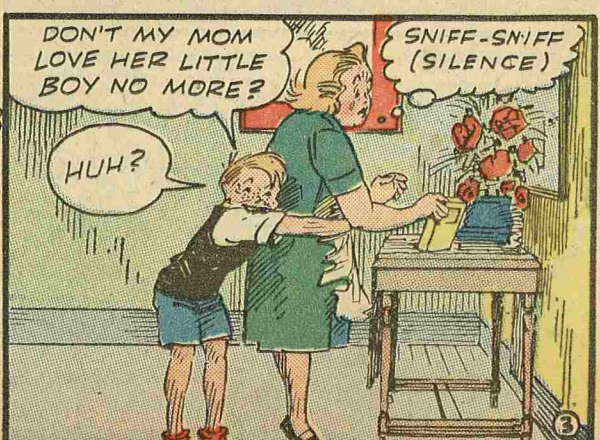
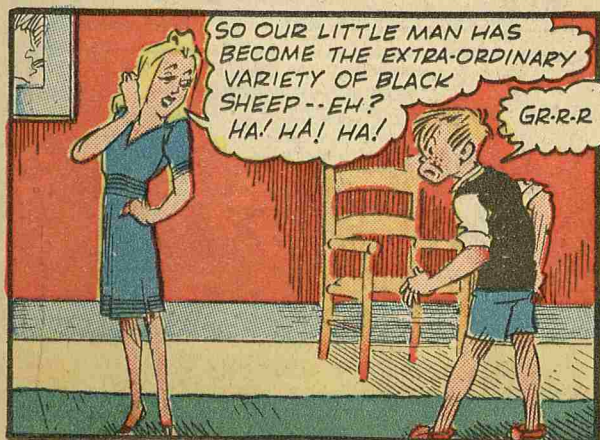
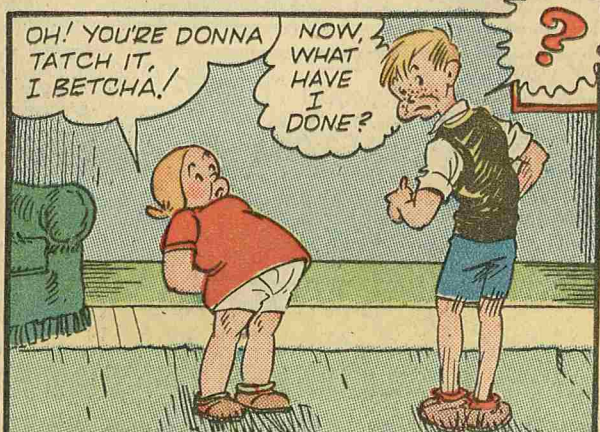
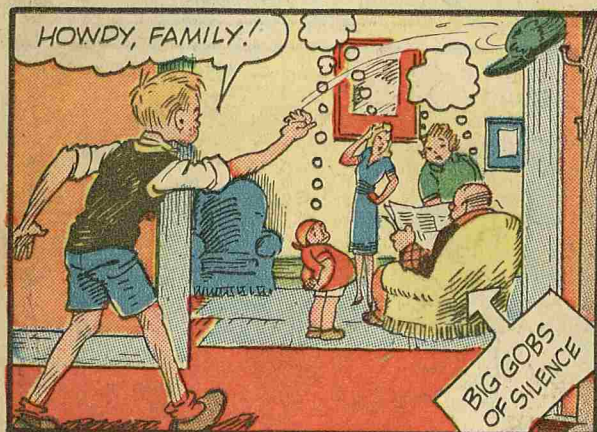
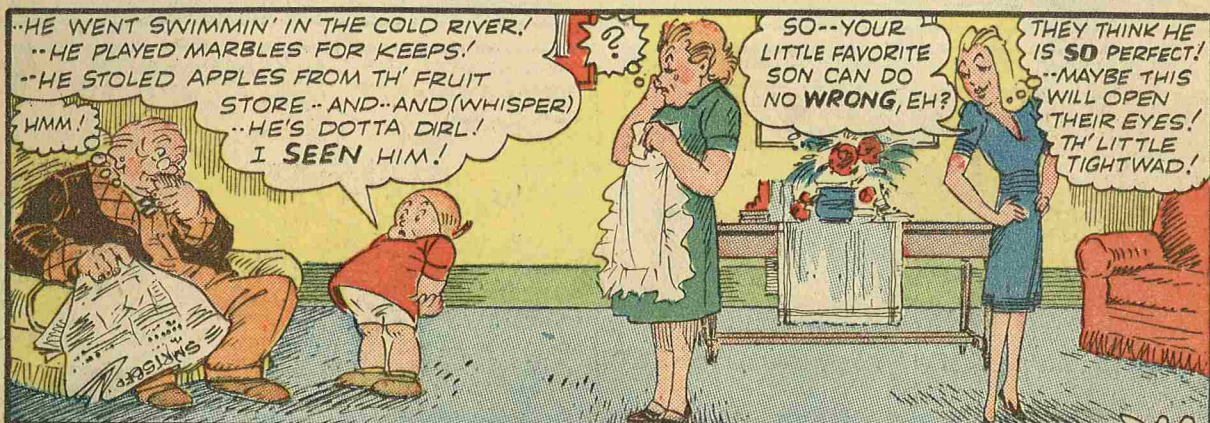
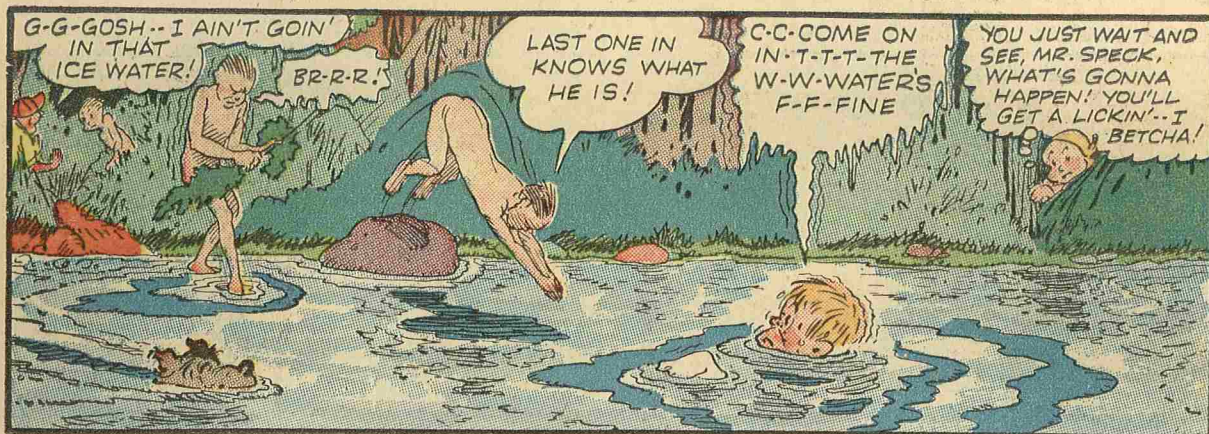
ANY TIME YOU'VE GOT ANY MORE
MARBLES TO LOSE, CALL ME!
TA-TA!

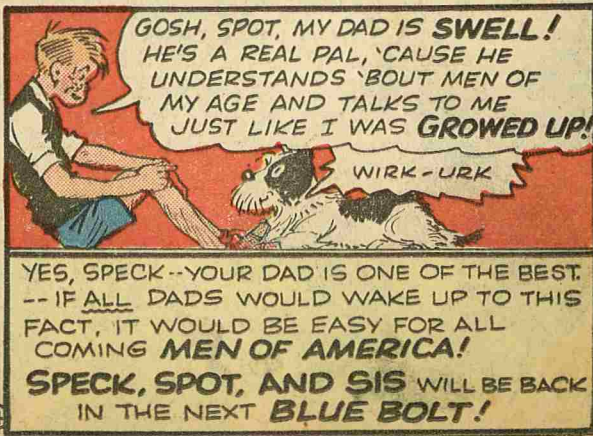
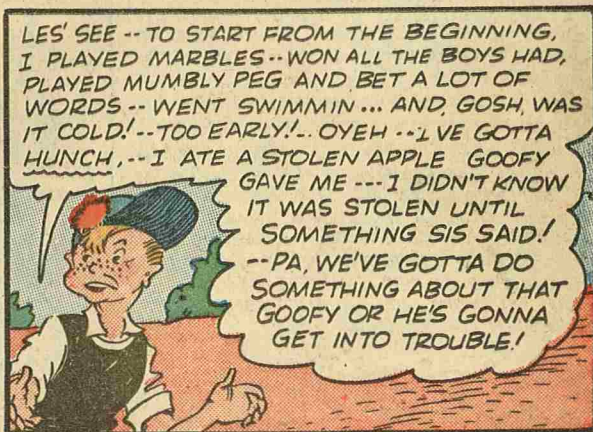
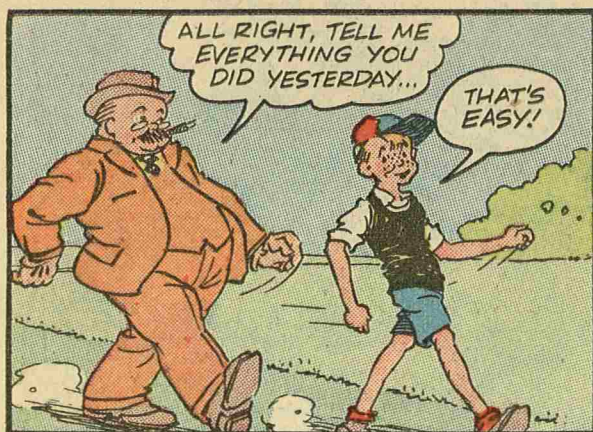
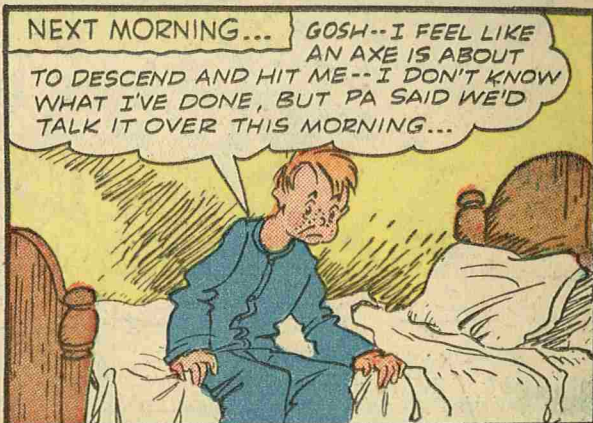
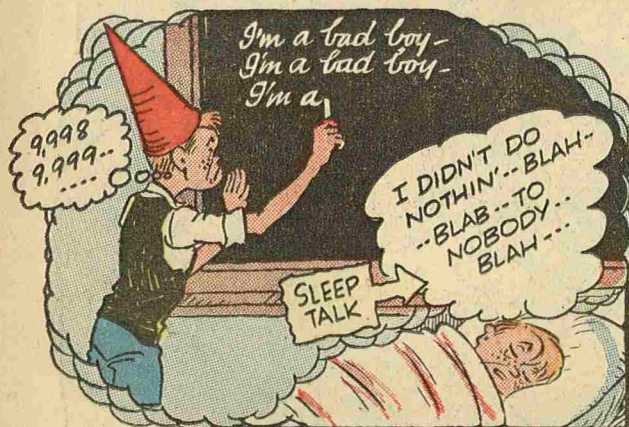
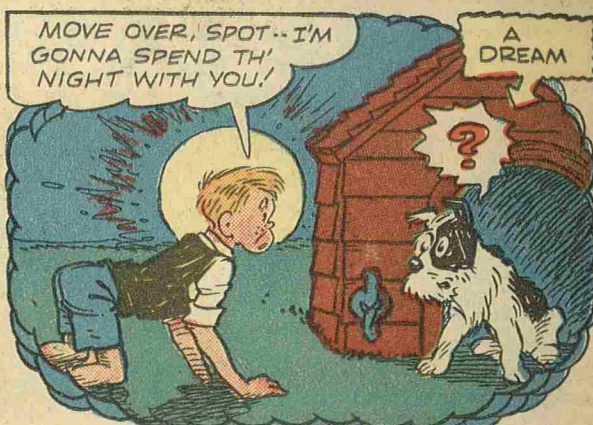
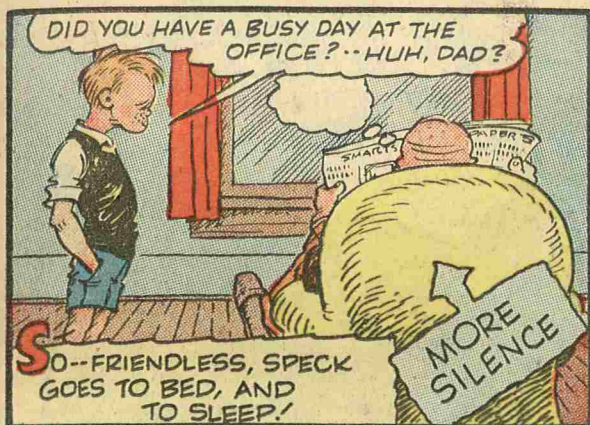
BETCHA DOLLAR YOU
CAN'T DO IT!

BETCHA A
MILLION DOLLARS
I CAN.

GOOD OLD
GAME OF
MUMBLY PEG







YES, SPECK--YOUR DAD IS ONE OF THE BEST. --IF ALL DADS WOULD WAKE UP TO THIS FACT, IT WOULD BE EASY FOR ALL COMING **MEN OF AMERICA!**
SPECK, SPOT, AND SIS WILL BE BACK IN THE NEXT **BLUE BOLT!**

THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS

BY J. FENIMORE COOPER

Retold in Pictures by
HAROLD DELAY

PART
IV.

MAJOR HEYWARD, CORA AND ALICE MONROE, AND DAVID GARMUT, A SINGER OF HYMNS, ON THEIR WAY TO FORT WILLIAM HENRY, ARE LED INTO A TRAP BY THEIR INDIAN GUIDE, MAGUA. THEY ARE RESCUED BY THE SCOUT, HAWK-EYE, AND TWO MOHICAN INDIANS, CHINGAHGOOK, AND HIS SON UNCAS, WHO TAKE THEM TO HIDDEN CAVES ON A ROCKY ISLAND AT GLEN'S FALLS. THEY ARE BESIEGED BY HURONS LED BY MAGUA. AMMUNITION RUNS OUT. HAWK-EYE AND THE TWO INDIANS GO DOWNSTREAM FOR HELP. THE FOUR LEFT ARE TAKEN PRISONER AND REMOVED INLAND, TIED TO TREES FOR TORTURE. MAGUA THROWS A TOMAHAWK AT ALICE. IT STICKS IN A TREE ABOVE HER HEAD. DUNCAN BREAKS HIS BONDS AND ATTACKS ONE OF THE SAVAGES WHO IS ABOUT TO KNIFE HIM. A SHOT RINGS OUT! THE INDIAN DROPS DEAD!



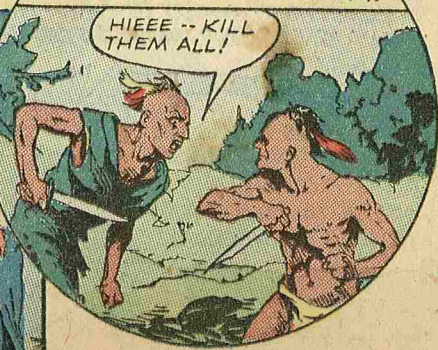
TO THE
RESCUE!

UNCAS LEAPED BEFORE CORA,
DRIVING BACK THE HURONS WITH
TOMAHAWK AND KNIFE.

WITH A WHOOP,
MAGUA RUSHED UPON
CHINGAHGOOK. IT WAS THE
SIGNAL FOR A GENERAL COMBAT!

BACK! BACK!
OR
DIE!

HIEEE -- KILL
THEM ALL!





DUNCAN TORE THE TOMAHAWK FROM THE TREE AND DASHED EAGERLY INTO THE FRAY.



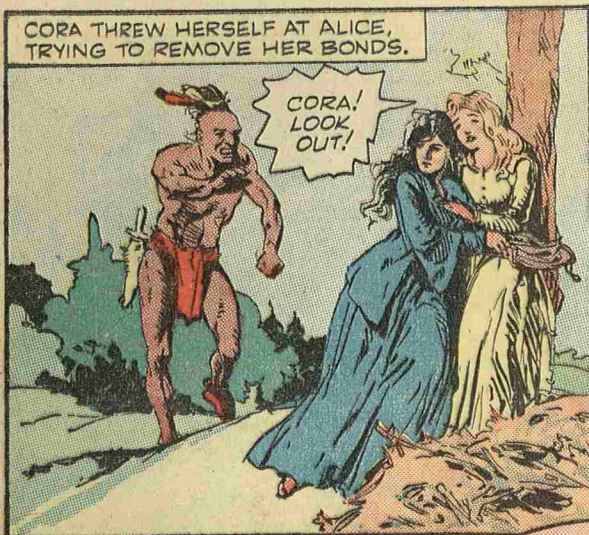
DUNCAN THREW THE TOMAHAWK. IT STRUCK AN ADVANCING SAVAGE... BUT HE CAME ON. THROWING HIS ARMS AROUND HIM, DUNCAN PINNED THE INDIAN'S ARMS TO HIS SIDES.



ONE OF THE SAVAGES THREW HIS AXE AT THE HELPLESS CORA.



CORA THREW HERSELF AT ALICE, TRYING TO REMOVE HER BONDS.



THE HURON, SEIZING CORA BY THE HAIR, WAS SPOTTED BY UNCAS ...



BOUNDING THROUGH THE AIR, UNCAS LANDED ON THE ENEMY'S CHEST!



HOLD HIM, UNCAS, WE'RE COMING!



THEY AROSE AND FOUGHT MADLY. DUNCAN AND HAWK-EYE RUSHED IN TO AID UNCAS.

THIS REDMAN WILL KILL NO MORE!



HEYWARD'S TOMAHAWK, HAWK-EYE'S CLUBBED RIFLE, AND UNCAS' KNIFE FINISHED THE HURON.

THE BATTLE WAS ALMOST OVER. MAGUA AND CHINGAHGOOK WERE STILL FIGHTING SAVAGELY. HEYWARD AND HIS COMPANIONS RUSHED TO AID HIM.



MAGUA FELL BACK -- APPARENTLY LIFELESS. CHINGAHGOOK MADE THE FOREST RING WITH HIS SHOUT OF TRIUMPH.



AT THAT MOMENT, THE SLY HURON ROLLED OVER THE EDGE OF THE PRECIPICE..



HE LANDED ON HIS FEET AND DISAPPEARED IN THE THICKET!



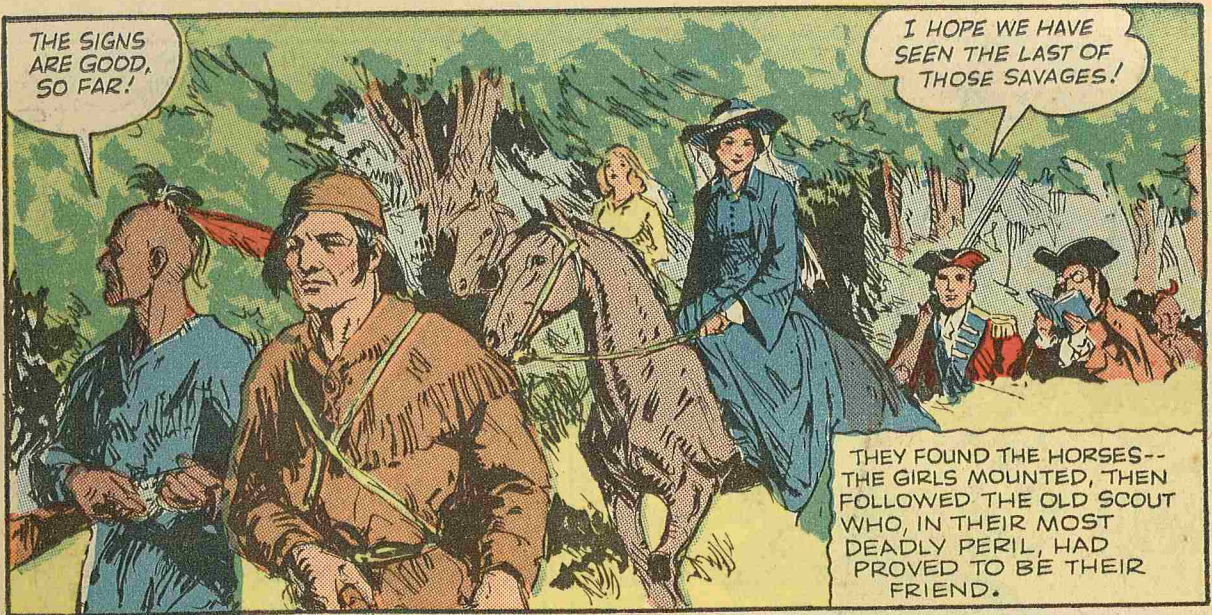
OH, CORA! NOW WE CAN RETURN TO OUR FATHER!



AFTER RETRIEVING THEIR GUNS AND AMMUNITION FROM WHERE THEY WERE LEFT BY THE INDIANS, THE SCOUT ANNOUNCED THAT IT WAS TIME TO MOVE.

ONWARD! WE MUST LOSE NO TIME!

THEY RETURNED AND RELEASED ALICE, WHO THREW HERSELF INTO HER SISTER'S ARMS.



THE SIGNS
ARE GOOD,
SO FAR!

I HOPE WE HAVE
SEEN THE LAST OF
THOSE SAVAGES!

THEY FOUND THE HORSES--
THE GIRLS MOUNTED, THEN
FOLLOWED THE OLD SCOUT
WHO, IN THEIR MOST
DEADLY PERIL, HAD
PROVED TO BE THEIR
FRIEND.



THE SCOUT UNCOVERED
A SPARKLING SPRING
WHERE THEY MADE
CAMP.

GODD!
THE WATER
IS CLEAR!



HOW WAS IT YOU
CAME TO OUR RESCUE
AS YOU DID, AND
WITHOUT AID FROM
THE GARRISON?

IF WE HAD GONE
TO THE GARRISON,
IT WOULD HAVE BEEN
TOO LATE. YOU
WOULD HAVE BEEN
SCALPED BEFORE
THAT HELP COULD
REACH YOU.



...WE WATCHED FROM THE BANK
AND SAW ALL THAT PASSED."

HURONS!
WE MUST
GET
BACK!



THE HORSES
OF THE WHITE
WOMEN MADE
THOSE TRACKS.

...WE FOLLOWED
THE TRACKS AND
SO FOUND YOU."



THEY CONTINUED THEIR ROUTE ACROSS
SANDY PLAINS. BEFORE TWILIGHT,
THEY HAD GONE MANY MILES.

BULL'S-EYE BILL

LOOKS LIKE A
GOOD-SIZED
TOWN, PANCHO.

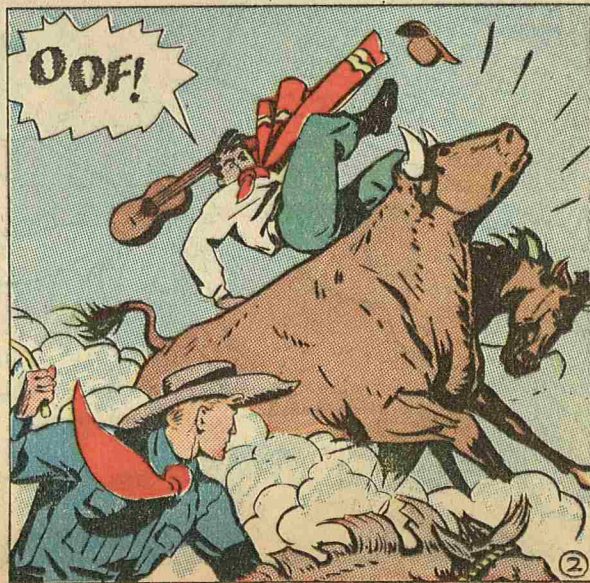
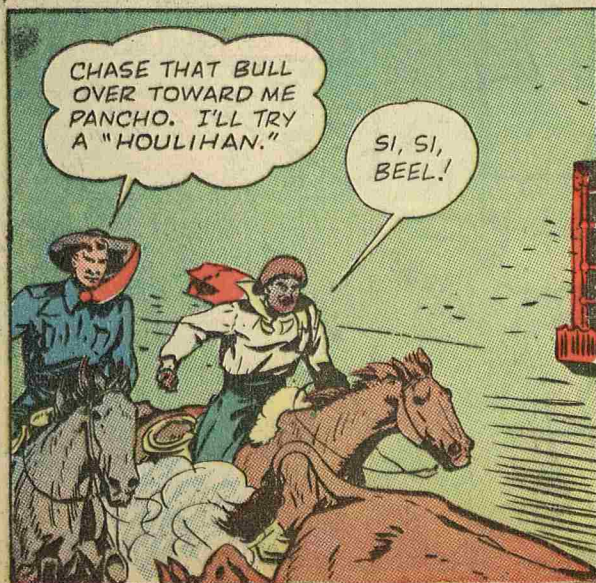
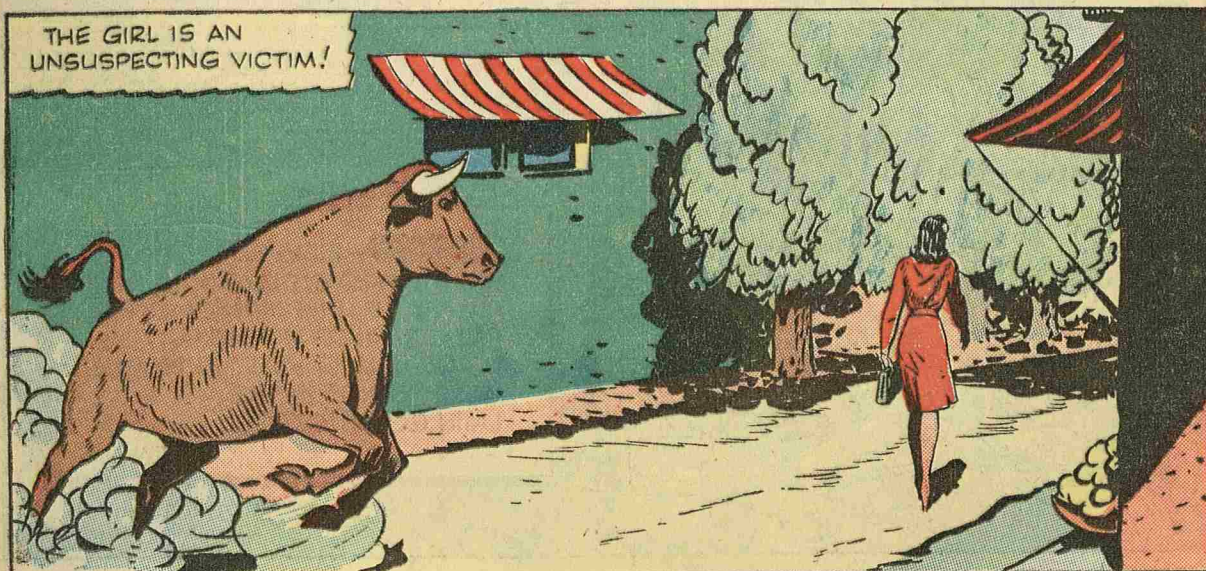
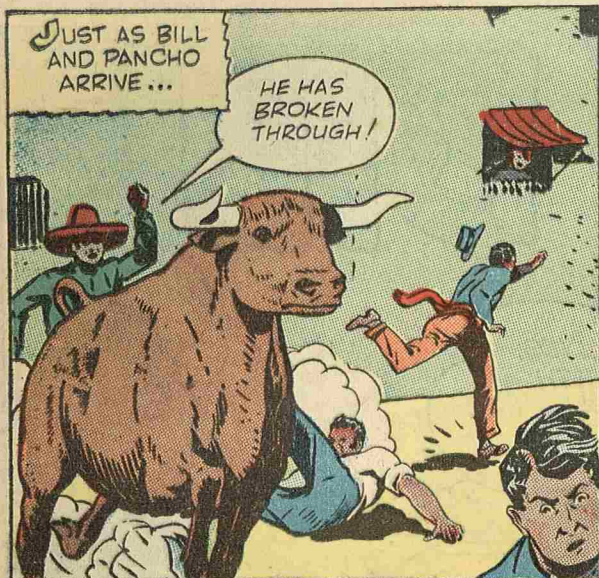
...YES,
WEETH
BULL RING,
TOO!

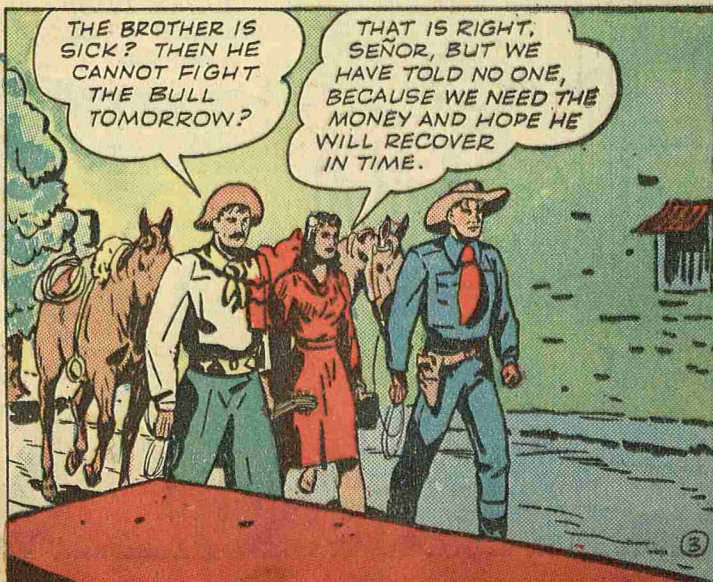
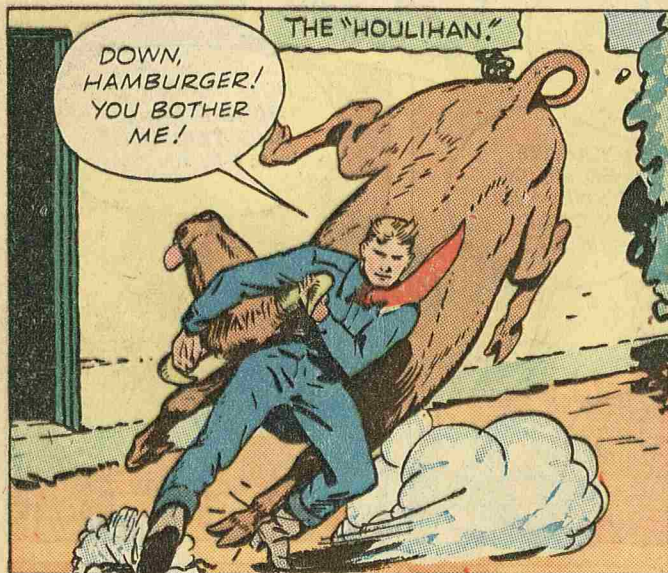
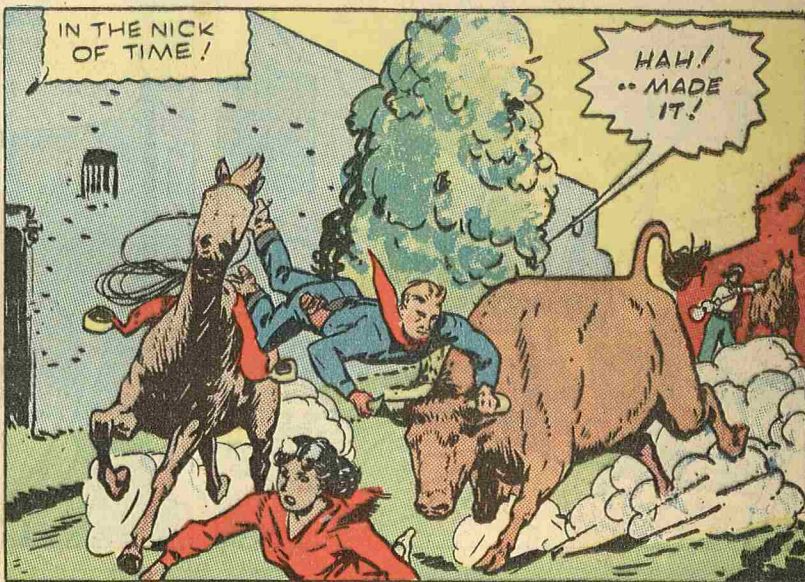
MEXICO-- BULL'S-EYE BILL AND HIS
NEW PAL, PANCHO, THE GAUCHO, ARE
MAKING THE LONG JOURNEY ON HORSE-
BACK DOWN TO ARGENTINA, PANCHO'S
HOME. BILL IS ANXIOUS TO MAKE
MORE FRIENDS IN THE
LATIN COUNTRIES.

JOHN
DALY

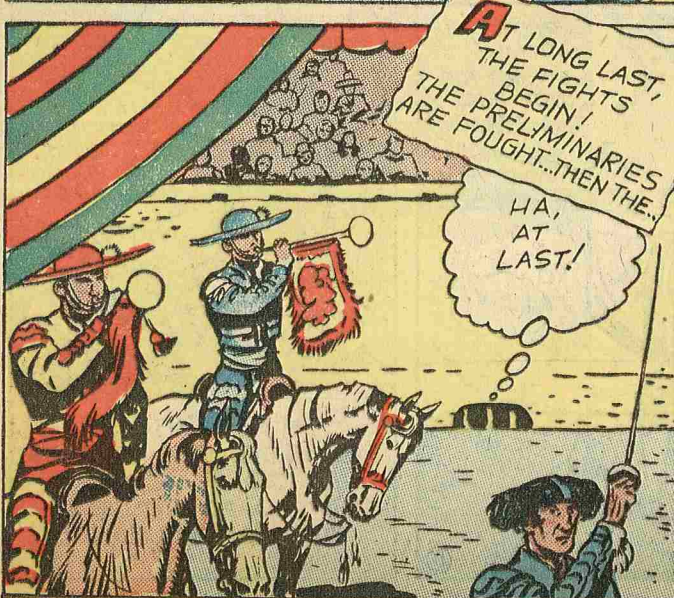
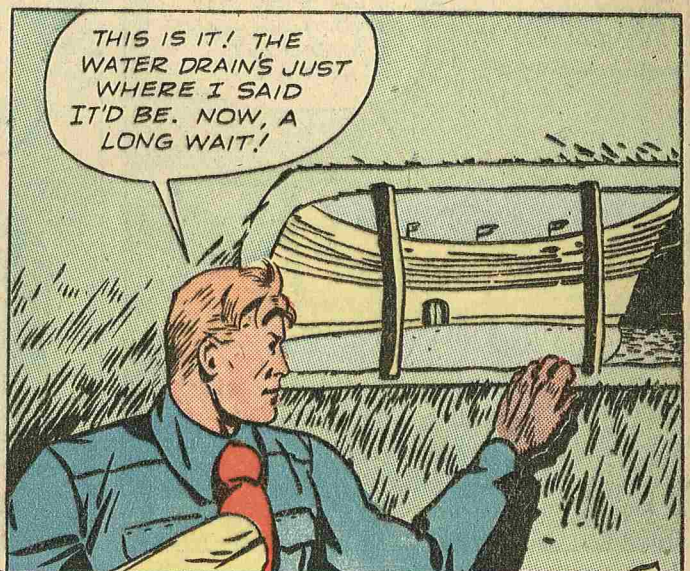
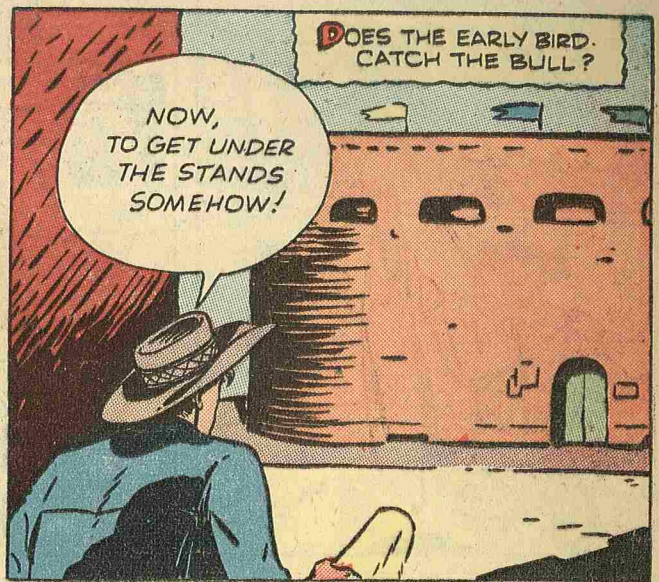
IT IS THE EVE OF A
BULL FIGHT. ACCORDING TO
CUSTOM, A BULL IS RELEASED
AMONG THE TOWN BOYS
FOR THEIR AMUSEMENT.

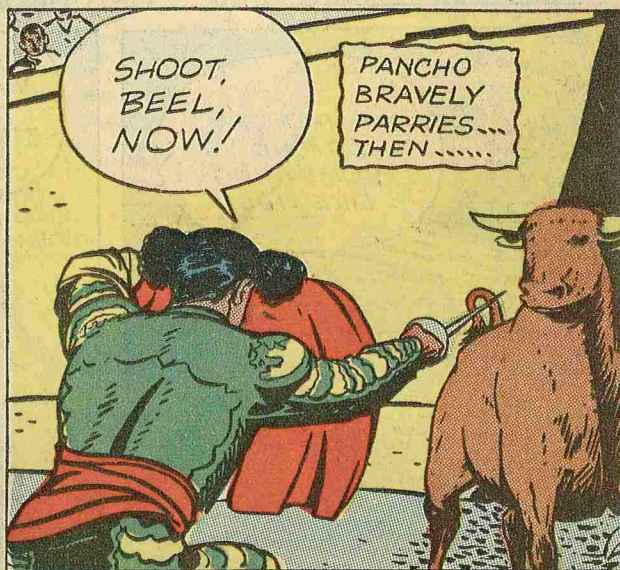
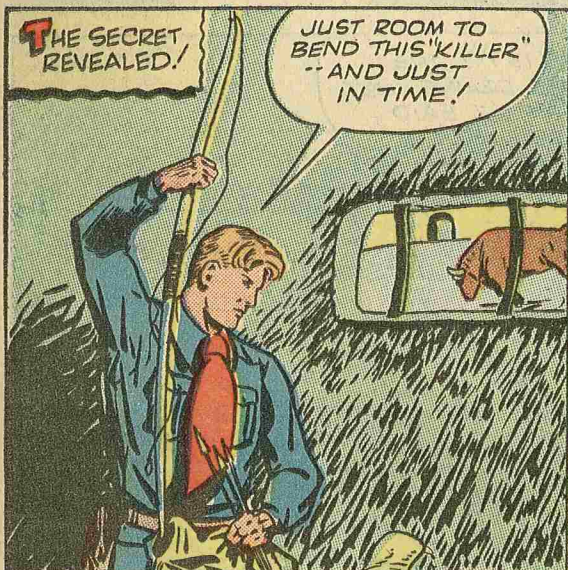
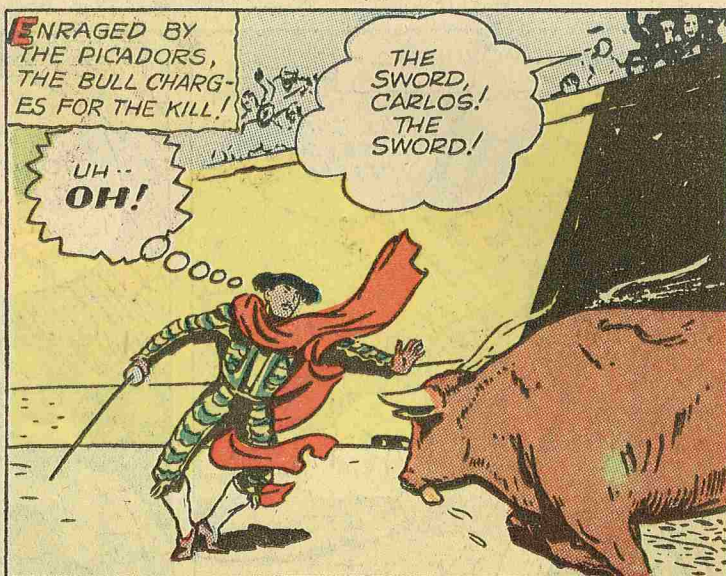
HI!
HI!

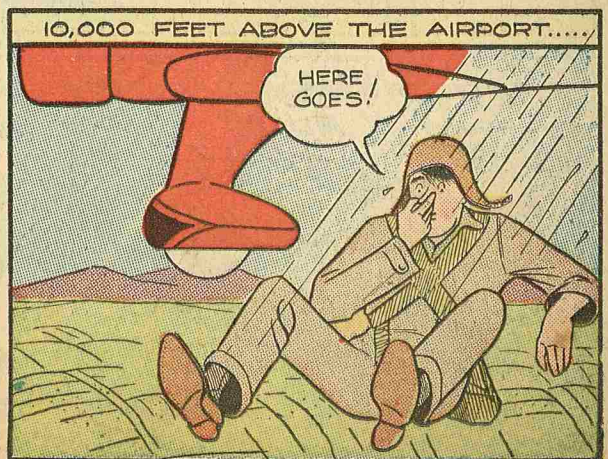
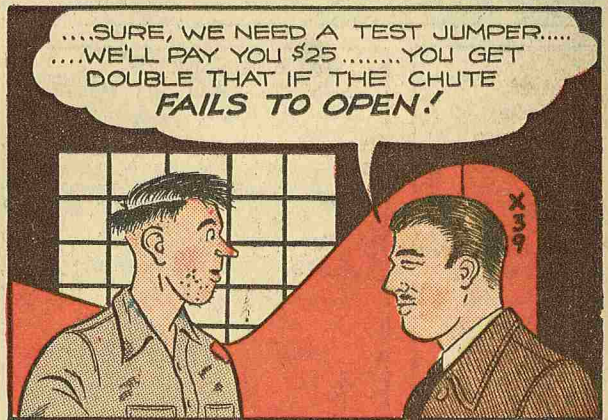
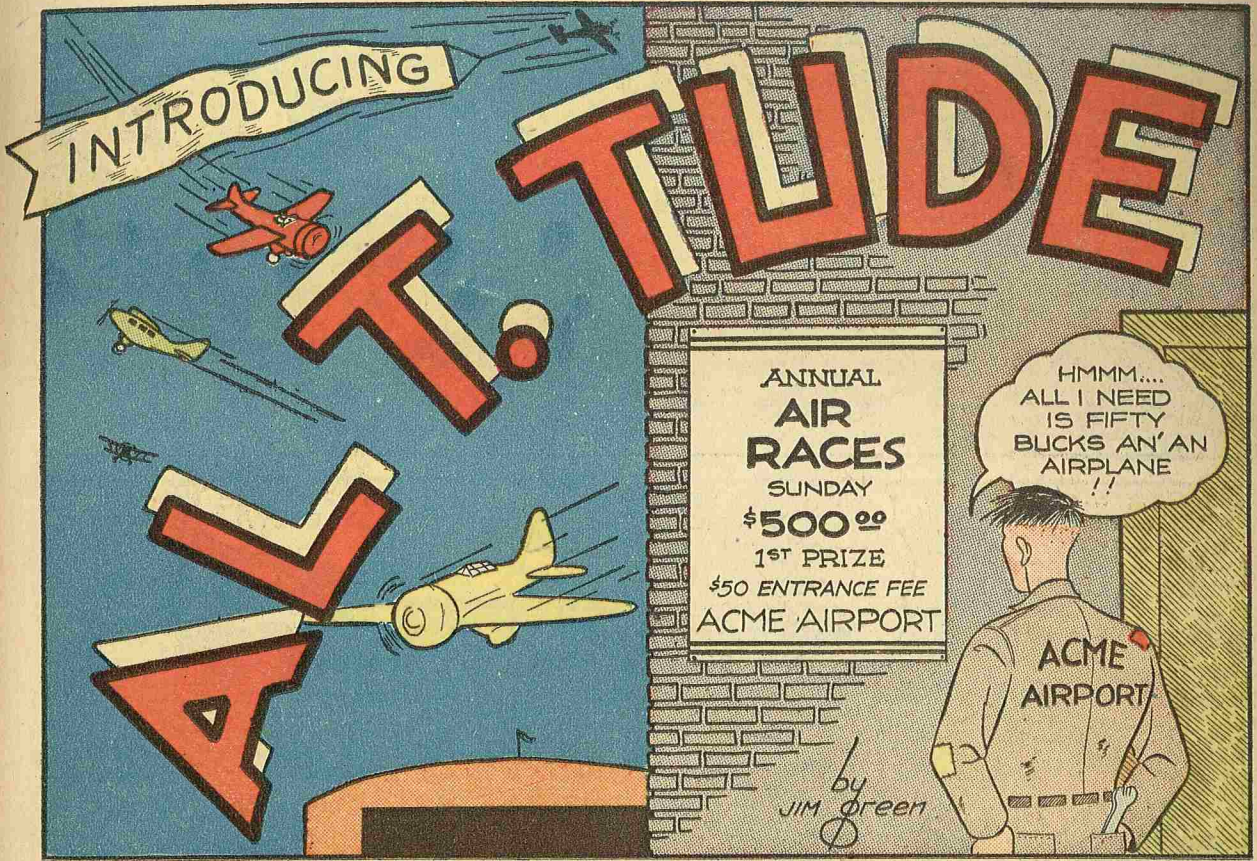


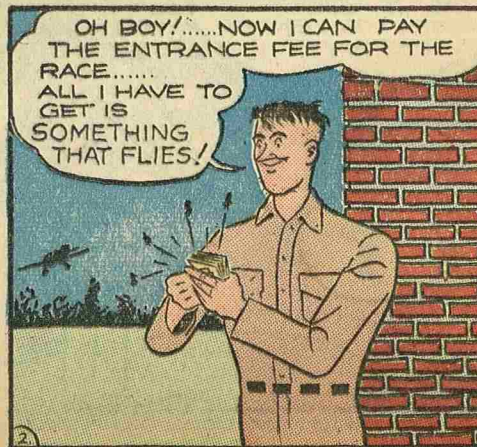
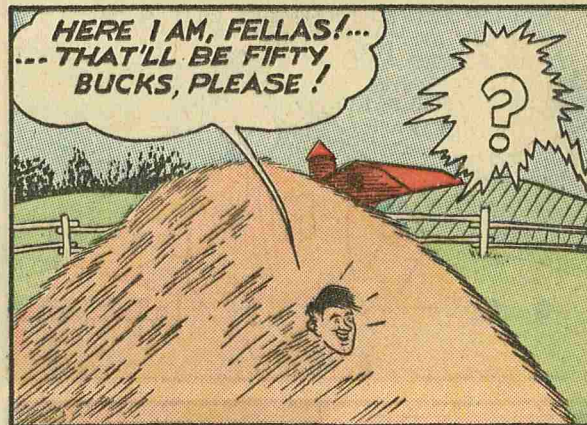
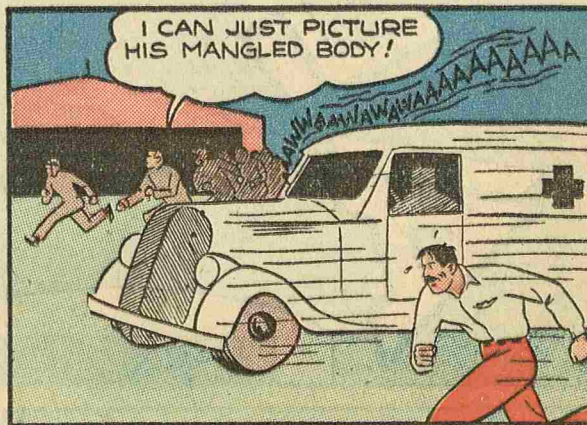
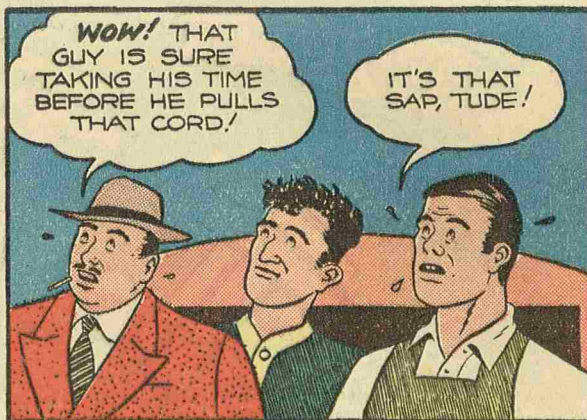


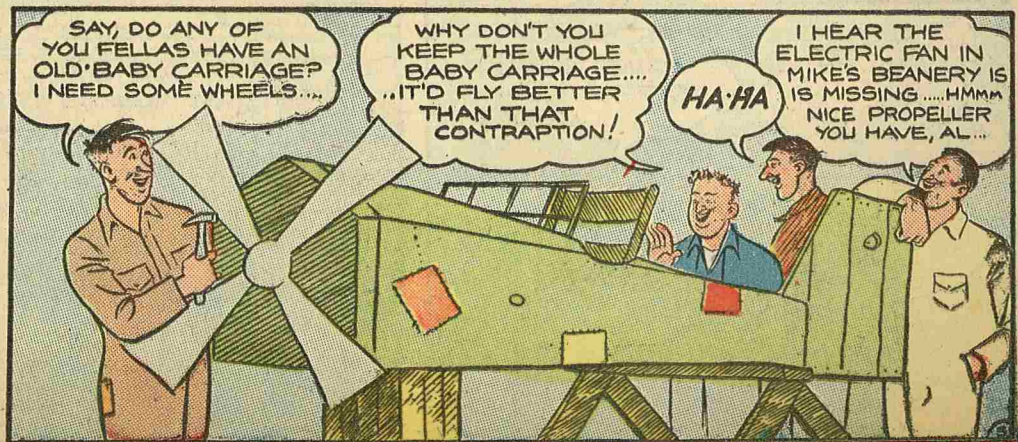
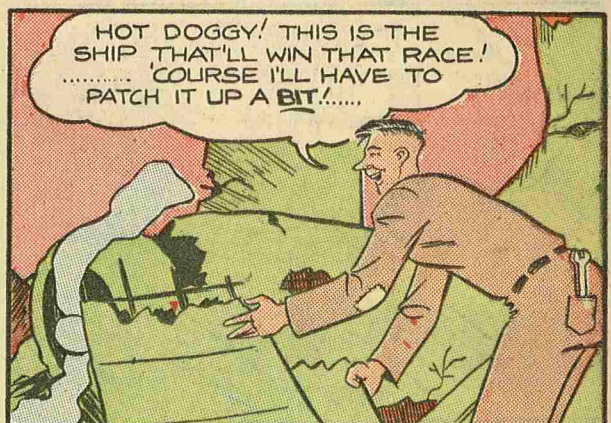
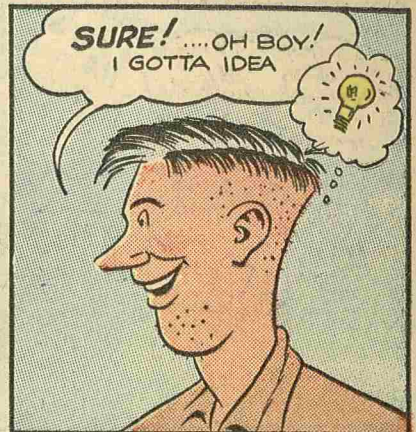
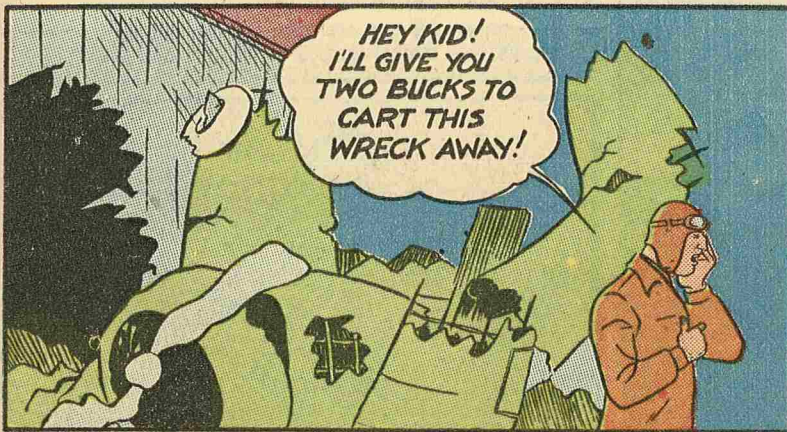
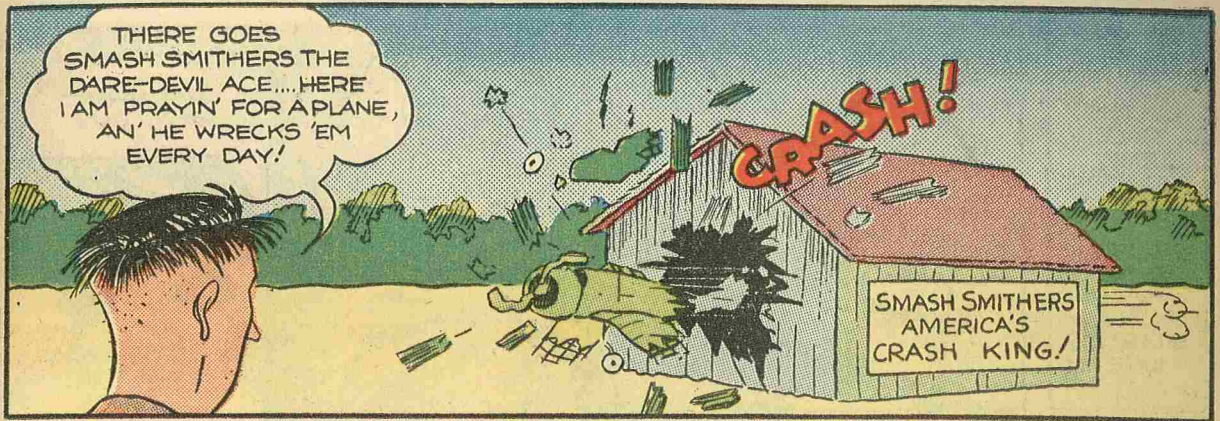




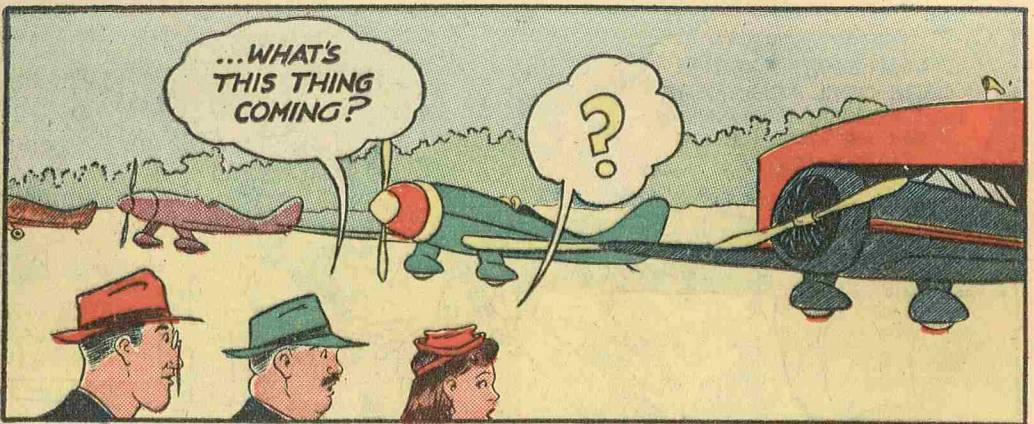




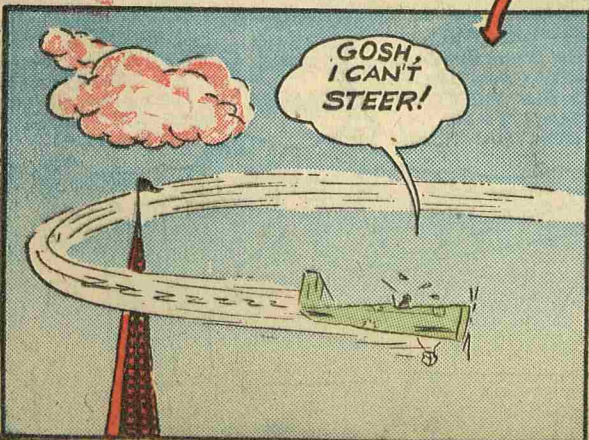
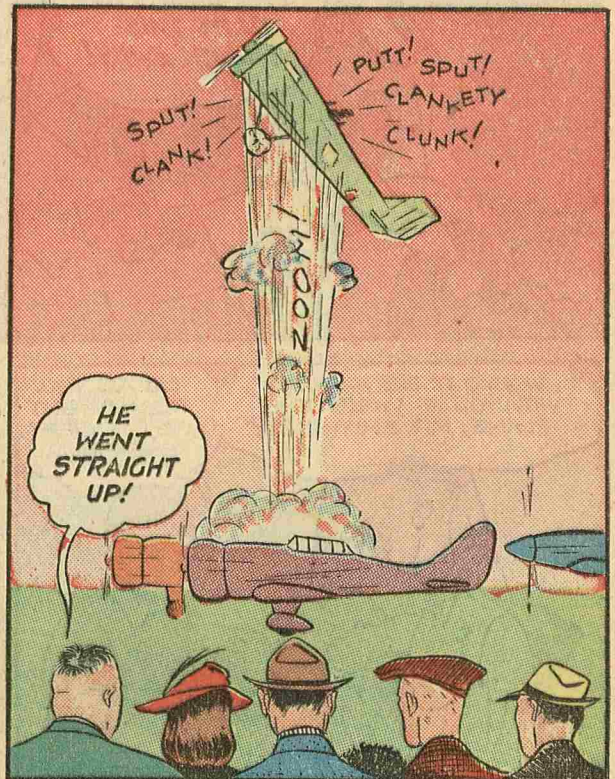




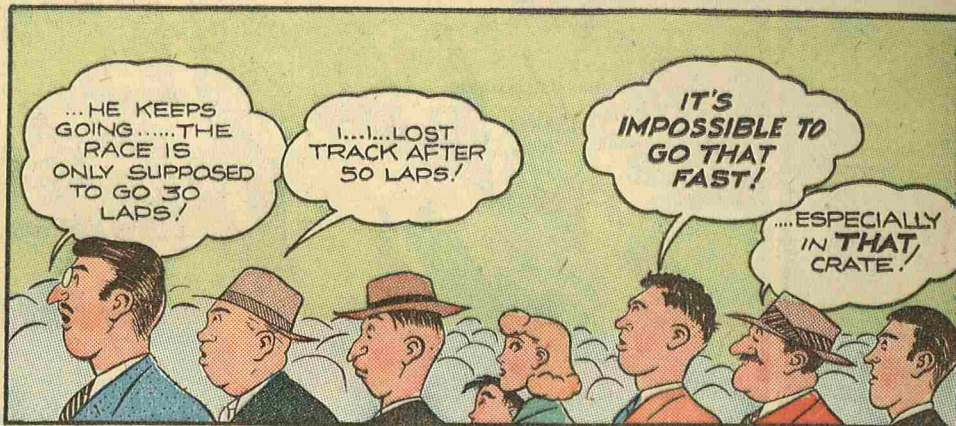
....THE
DAY
OF THE
RACE...
.....THE
COUNTRY'S
FASTEST
PLANES-
TAKE
THEIR
PLACES
ON THE
STARTING
LINE.....



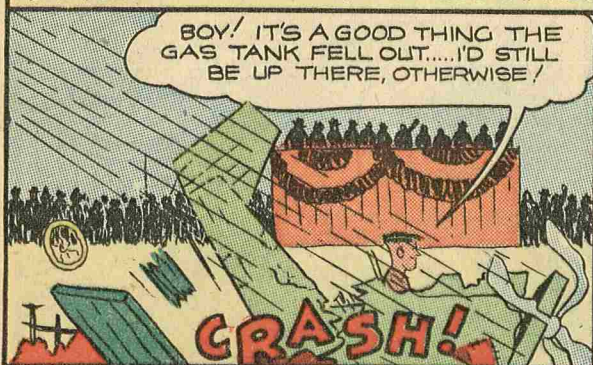
.....THE RACE IS ON, AND THE
PLANES TAXI DOWN THE RUNWAY.....



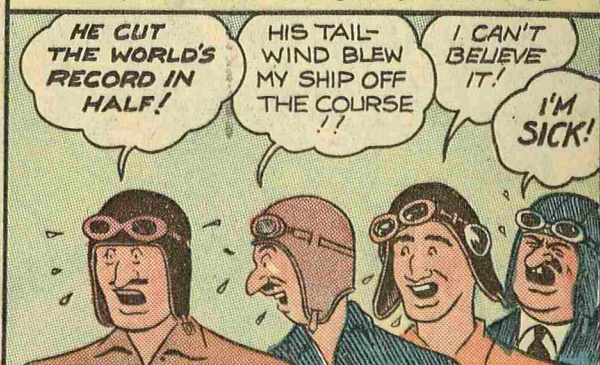
...THE JUDGES
STAND
AGHAST
AS AL'S
SHIP CIRCLES
THE PYLONS
LIKE A
WHIRLWIND.....
.....LITTLE DO
THEY KNOW
THAT AL
CANNOT
STEER.....



AFTER ROUNDING THE COURSE 75 TIMES,
AL "LANDS" IN FRONT OF THE JUDGES' STAND!



THE OTHER PILOTS ARE DUMBFOUNDED
AND HAVE DROPPED OUT OF THE RACE.

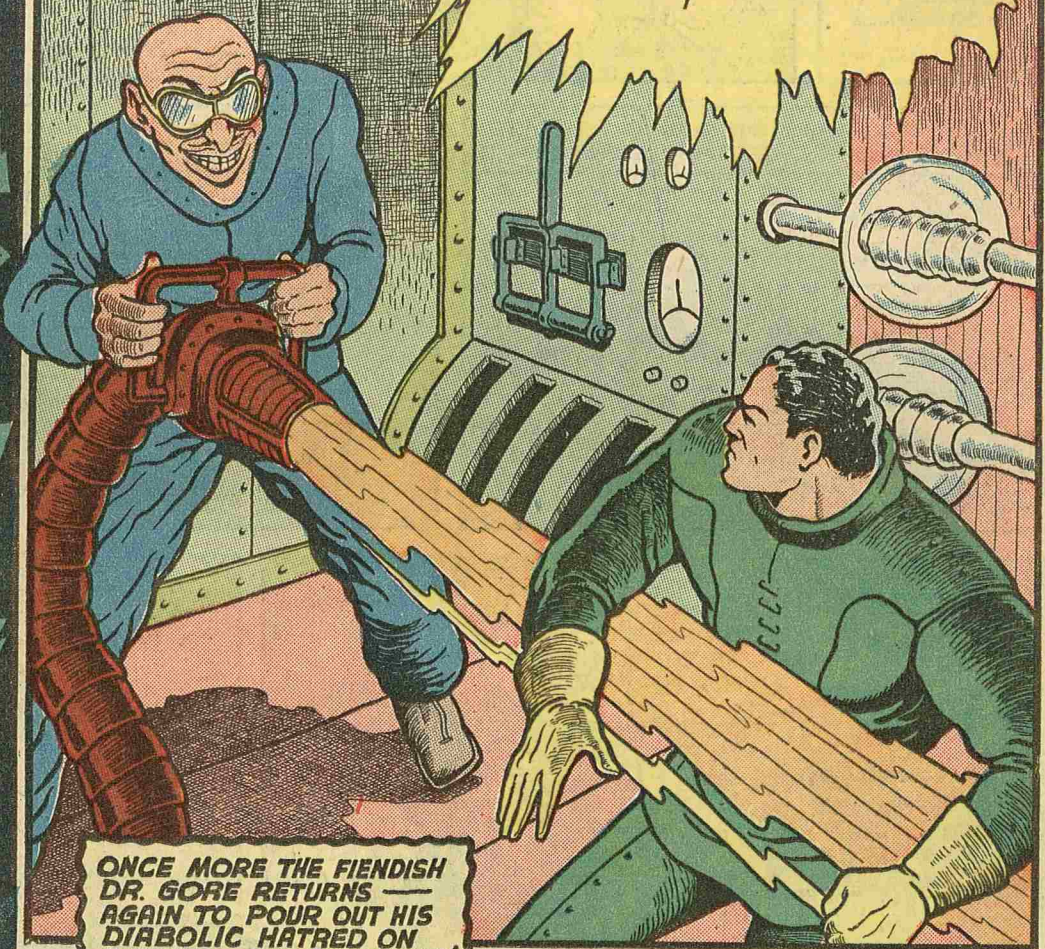


SPACEHAWK

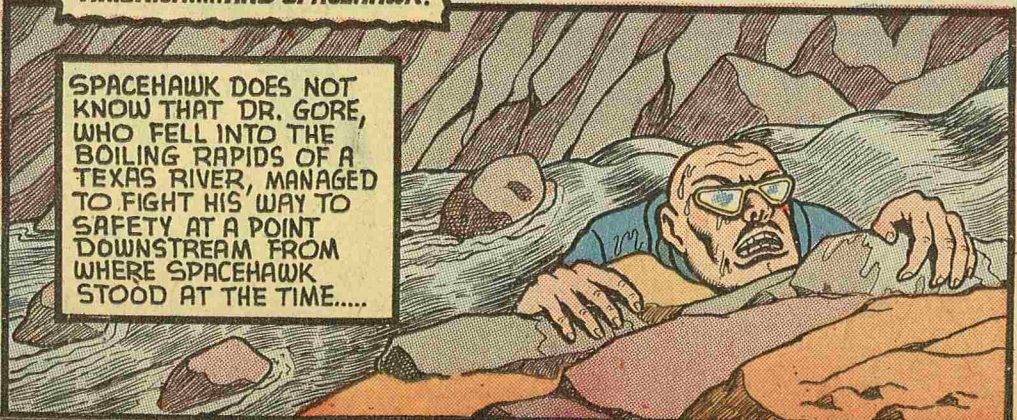
AND
THE

BLAZING DEATH

by Basil Wolverton



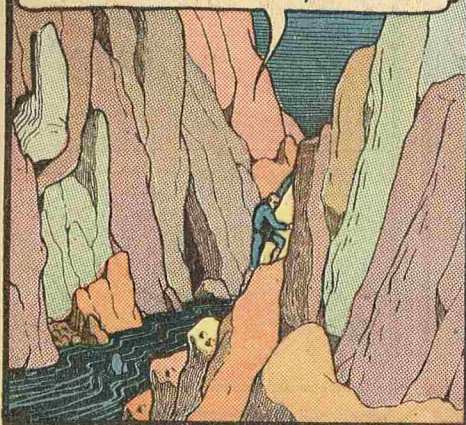
ONCE MORE THE FIENDISH
DR. GORE RETURNS —
AGAIN TO POUR OUT HIS
DIABOLIC HATRED ON
AMERICA.....AND SPACEHAWK!



SPACEHAWK DOES NOT
KNOW THAT DR. GORE,
WHO FELL INTO THE
BOILING RAPIDS OF A
TEXAS RIVER, MANAGED
TO FIGHT HIS WAY TO
SAFETY AT A POINT
DOWNSTREAM FROM
WHERE SPACEHAWK
STOOD AT THE TIME.....

SPURRED ON BY DESIRE FOR REVENGE, THE SCIENTIST HEADS FOR FREEDOM.....

I'LL GET BACK TO ONE OF MY LABORATORY-HIDEOUTS, AND THEN—

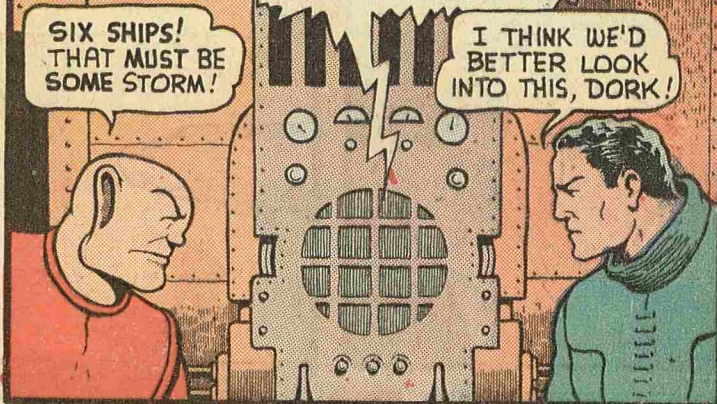


MONTHS LATER, AS SPACEHAWK AND DORK CRUISE THRU THE STRATOSPHERE IN THEIR SPACE-SHIP...

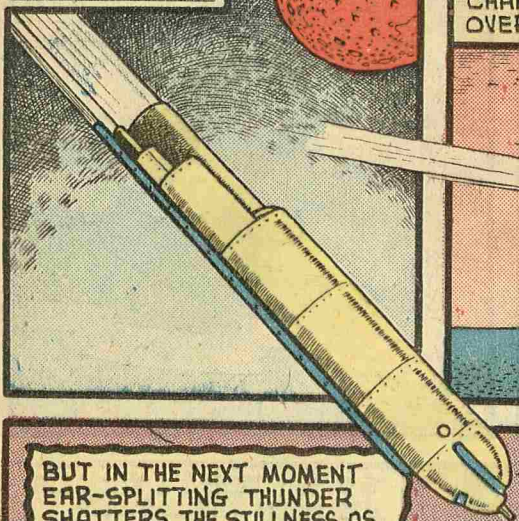
FLASH! VIOLENT ELECTRICAL STORMS IN THE GULF OF MEXICO HAVE JUST SUNK THE SIXTH AMERICAN SHIP WITHIN FIVE HOURS!

SIX SHIPS! THAT MUST BE SOME STORM!

I THINK WE'D BETTER LOOK INTO THIS, DORK!

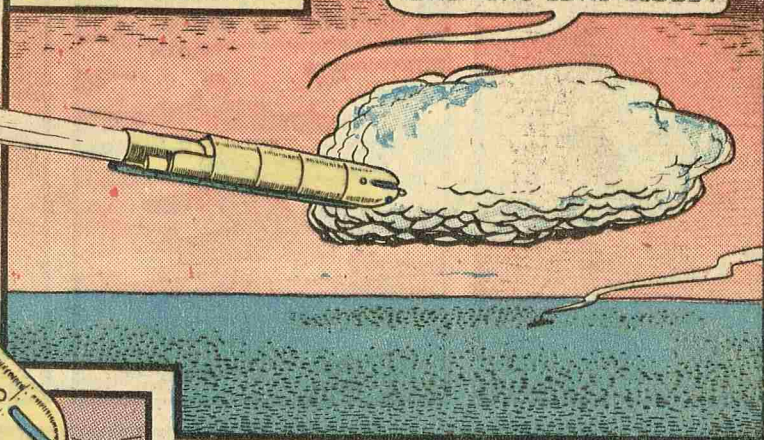


SPACEHAWK'S SHIP DIVES EARTHWARD....

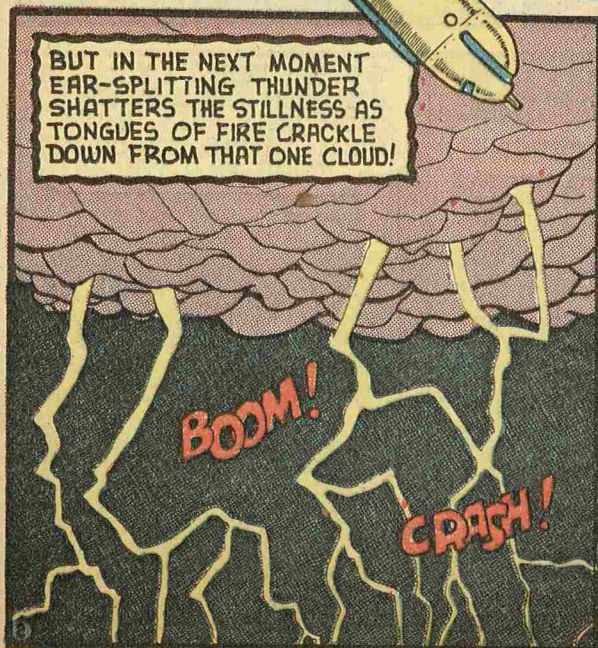


DELICATE INSTRUMENTS LEAD IT DIRECTLY TO THE ELECTRICALLY CHARGED AREA OVER THE GULF.....

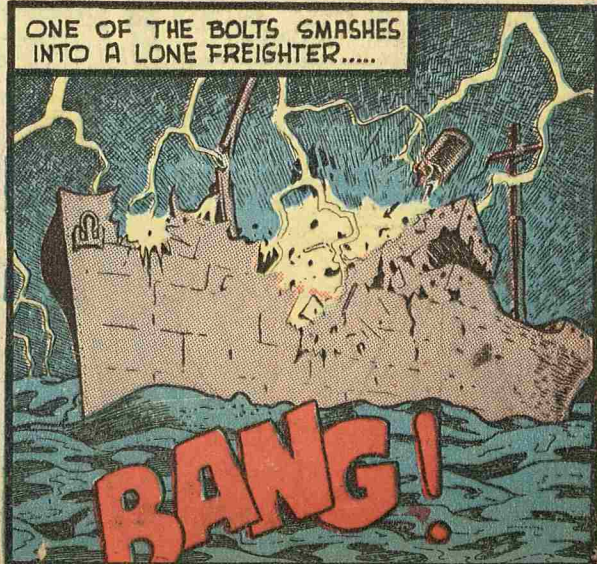
THE GAUGES INDICATE THAT THIS IS THE SPOT. BUT I DON'T SEE MUCH OF A STORM! NO WIND, AND ONLY ONE LONE CLOUD!



BUT IN THE NEXT MOMENT EAR-SPLITTING THUNDER SHATTERS THE STILLNESS AS TONGUES OF FIRE CRACKLE DOWN FROM THAT ONE CLOUD!

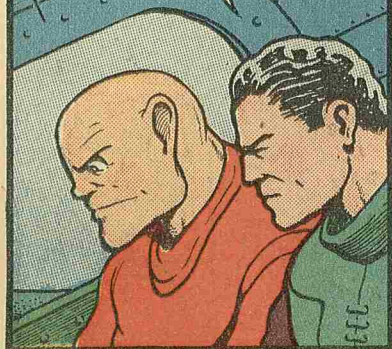


ONE OF THE BOLTS SMASHES INTO A LONE FREIGHTER.....

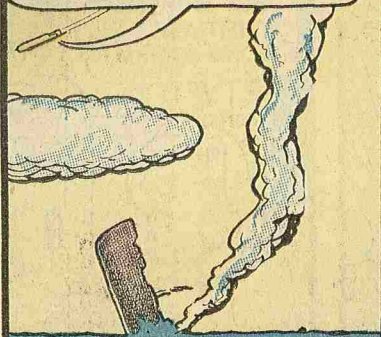


THE LIGHTNING HIT THAT SHIP! IT'S GOING DOWN!

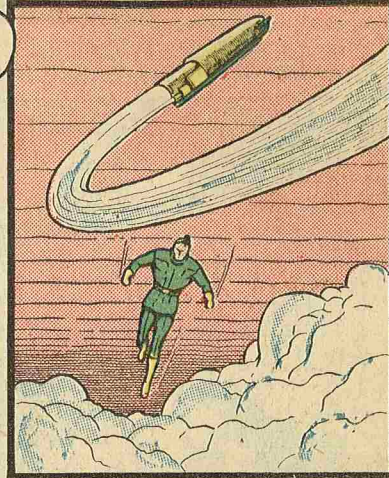
THERE'S ANOTHER SHIP JUST OVER THE HORIZON! RADIO IT TO PICK UP THE SURVIVORS!



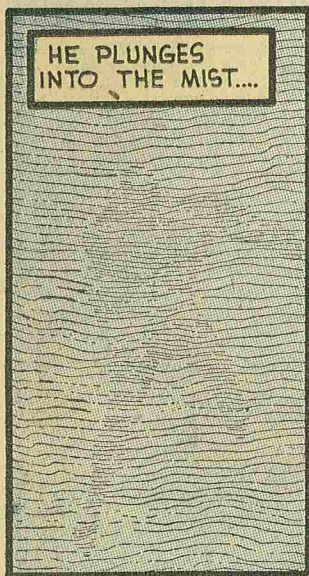
THAT WASN'T NATURAL LIGHTNING! SEE — THAT CLOUD IS MOVING IN ANOTHER DIRECTION NOW! I'LL WAGER THERE'S SOME SORT OF APPARATUS INSIDE IT BUILT PURPOSELY TO SINK AMERICAN SHIPS! I'M GOING TO FIND OUT!



DORK SWINGS THE SHIP UP OVER THE CLOUD, AND SPACEHAWK LEAPS OUT....



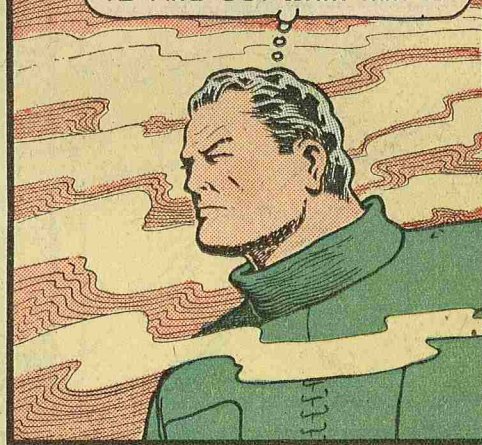
HE PLUNGES INTO THE MIST....



BY MEANS OF HIS ANTI-GRAVITY BELT HE RETARDS HIS FALL, AND GENTLY LANDS ON A BROAD EXPANSE OF METAL....

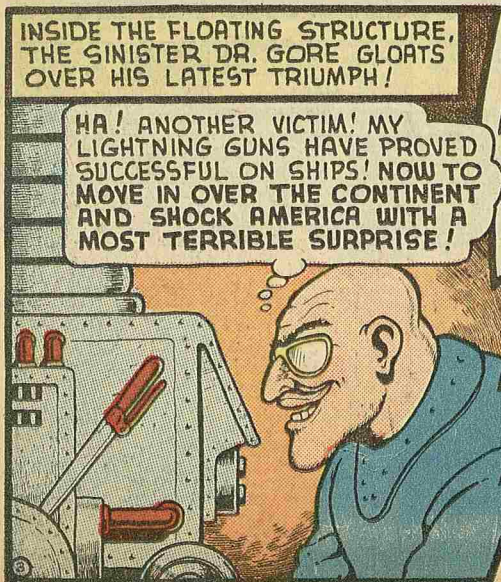


I WAS RIGHT! THIS IS ONLY A SYNTHETIC CLOUD — A SCREEN TO HIDE SOMETHING INSIDE IT! NOW TO FIND OUT WHAT THAT IS!



INSIDE THE FLOATING STRUCTURE, THE SINISTER DR. GORE GLOATS OVER HIS LATEST TRIUMPH!

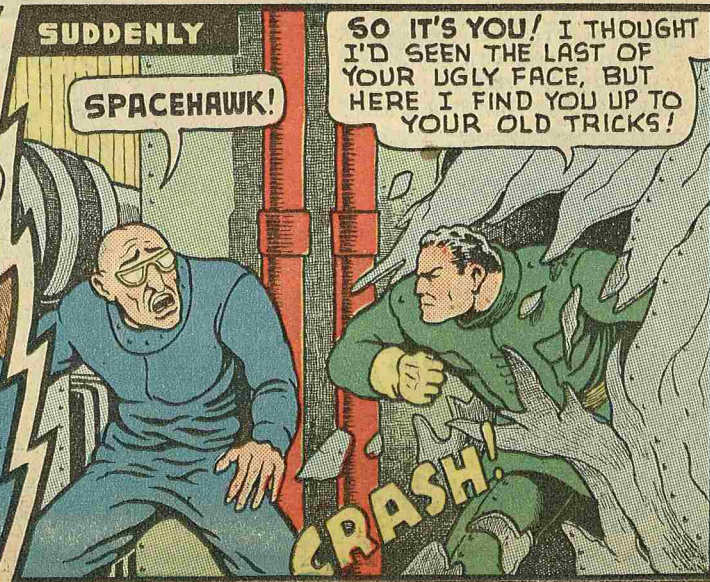
HA! ANOTHER VICTIM! MY LIGHTNING GUNS HAVE PROVED SUCCESSFUL ON SHIPS! NOW TO MOVE IN OVER THE CONTINENT AND SHOCK AMERICA WITH A MOST TERRIBLE SURPRISE!

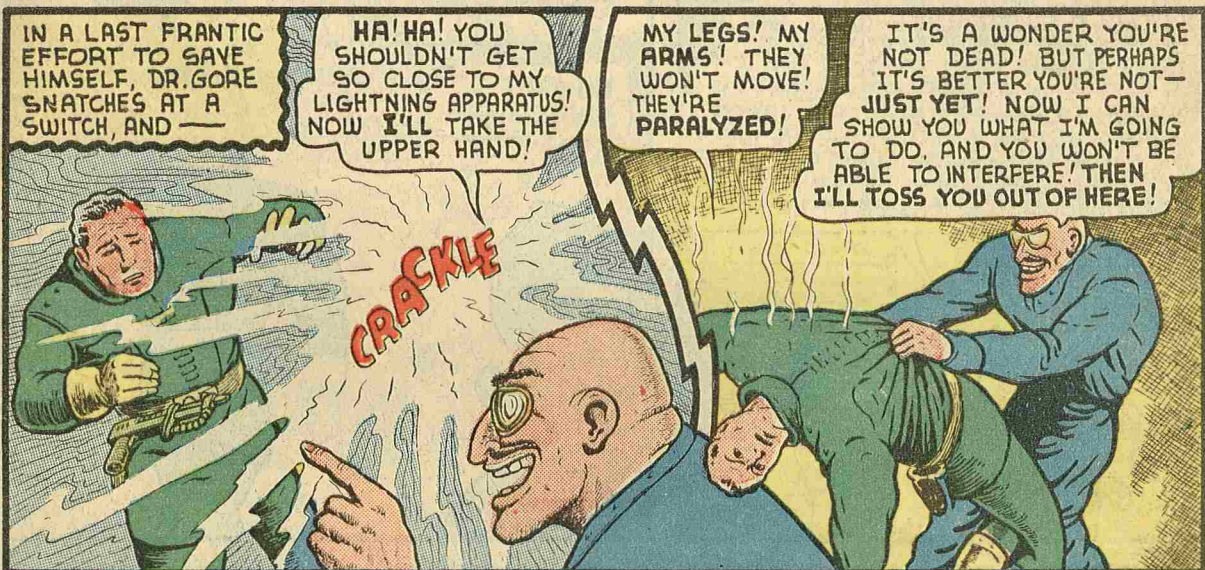
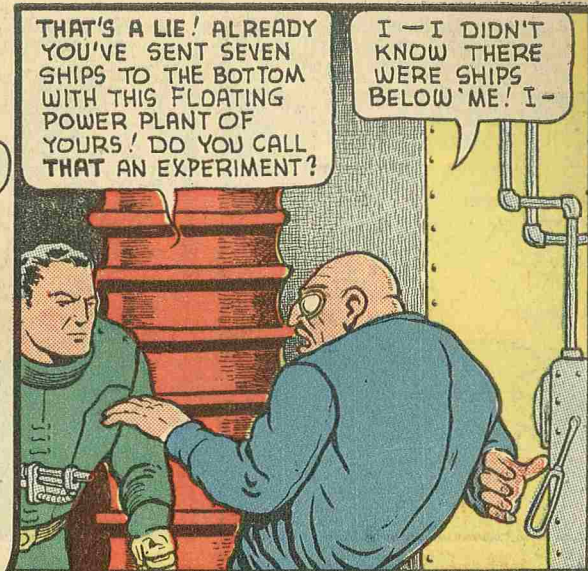


SUDDENLY

SPACEHAWK!

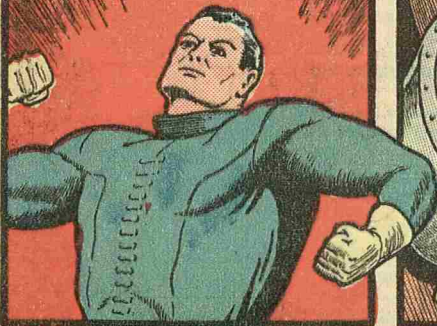
SO IT'S YOU! I THOUGHT I'D SEEN THE LAST OF YOUR UGLY FACE, BUT HERE I FIND YOU UP TO YOUR OLD TRICKS!



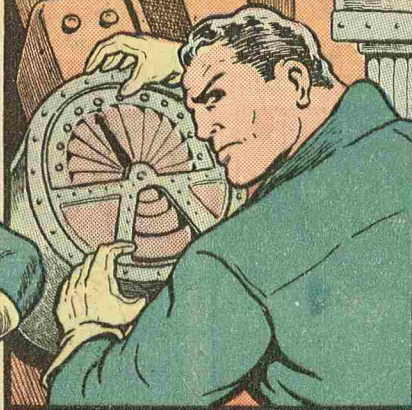


AGONIZING SECONDS PASS THEN SPACEHAWK'S SUPER-HUMAN EFFORTS BRING LIFE BACK TO HIS LIMBS...

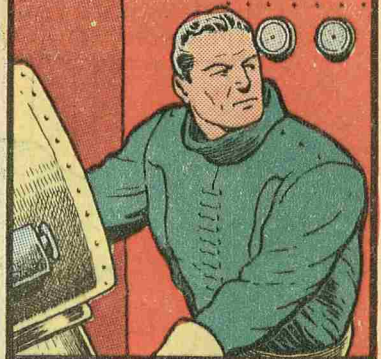
SUCCESS! I CAN MOVE AGAIN!



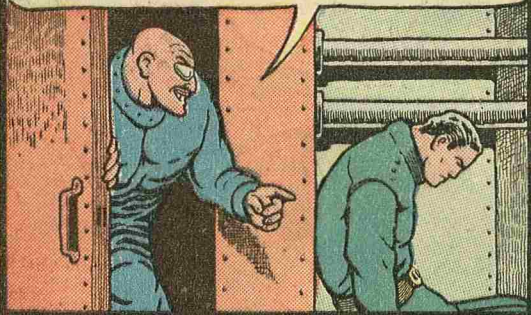
NOW— IF ONLY I CAN ALTER THIS COMPASS BEFORE HE RETURNS!



THERE! IT'S DONE! HERE HE COMES! I'LL PRETEND I'M STILL PARALYZED!

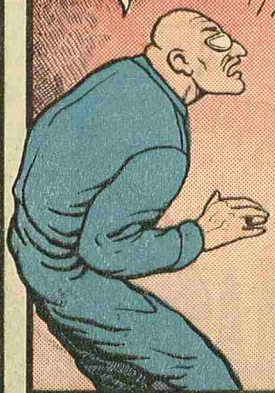


AH! EVERYTHING IS IN ORDER! WITHIN A SHORT WHILE WE'LL BE OVER LAND! THEN I'LL LET YOU PEEK DOWN THRU MY FOG EYE,— A LITTLE INSTRUMENT BY MEANS OF WHICH I CAN SEE THRU THIS VAPOR ABOUT US,—AND WATCH THE RESULTS OF A FEW MAN-MADE ELECTRICAL STORMS! YOU'LL REALIZE, THEN, HOW I'LL SOON BECOME THE MASTER OF NATIONS!



SPACEHAWK GETS TO HIS FEET....

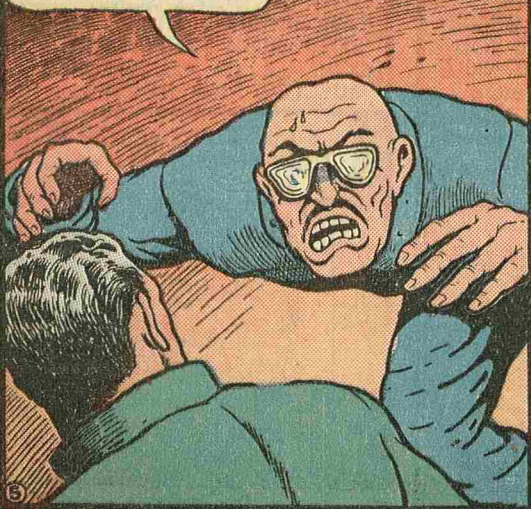
HUH?!— WHAT THE—



VERY INTERESTING, DR. GORE, BUT I MUST BE LEAVING NOW!

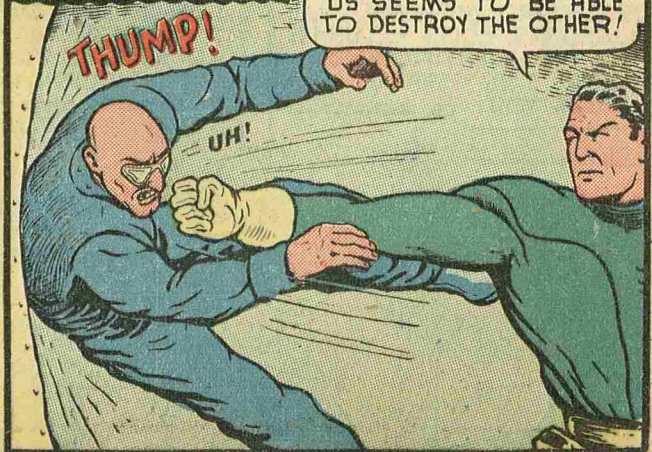


FOOL ME, WILL YOU? I'LL KILL YOU FOR THAT!



SPACEHAWK FLINGS OUT A POWERFUL ARM, AND DR. GORE FLIES BACKWARD!

THUMP!



NOW! NOW! NO SENSE IN GETTING ROUGH! WHY SHOULD WE BATTLE? NEITHER OF US SEEMS TO BE ABLE TO DESTROY THE OTHER!



DR. GORE GETS TO HIS FEET....

HE'S GONE! BUT WHY DID HE ACT SO STRANGELY? HE COULD HAVE KILLED ME — BUT HE DIDN'T EVEN TRY!

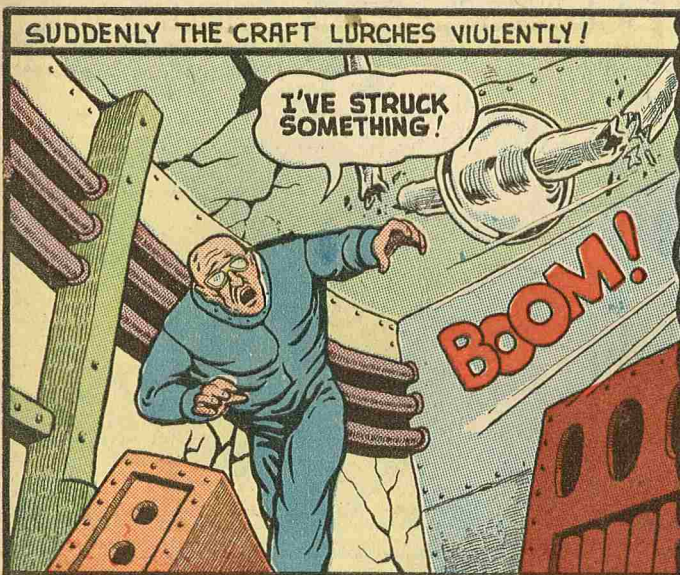


EITHER HE'S UP TO SOMETHING, OR HIS MIND WAS AFFECTED BY THAT SHOCK! IF HE COMES AROUND AGAIN, I'LL FINISH HIM!



LATER

AH! NO INTERFERENCE YET! ACCORDING TO MY INSTRUMENTS, I SHOULD BE ONLY A FEW MILES FROM NEW ORLEANS — THE FIRST CITY ON MY LIST! ALL THEY'LL SEE IS A HEAVY CLOUD OVERHEAD — AND THEN I'LL WIPE THEM OFF THE MAP!



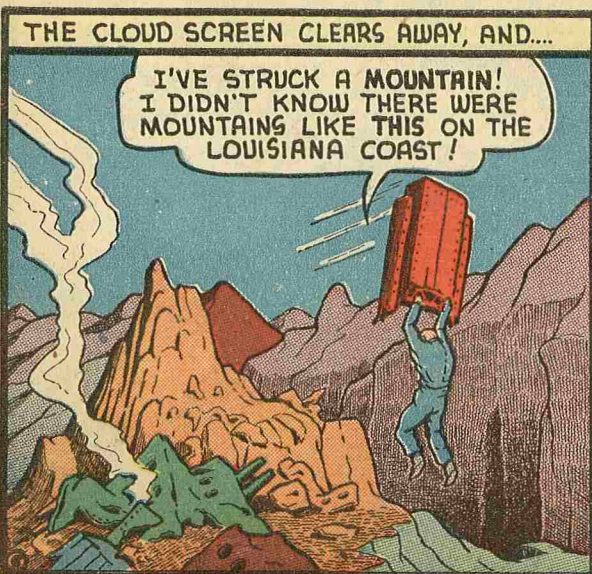
SUDDENLY THE CRAFT LURCHES VIOLENTLY!

I'VE STRUCK SOMETHING!

BOOM!



AS THE FLYING POWER HOUSE CRUMPLES AND FALLS, DR. GORE SEIZES AN ANTI-GRAVITY ELEMENT, AND REMAINS SUSPENDED....



THE CLOUD SCREEN CLEARS AWAY, AND....

I'VE STRUCK A MOUNTAIN! I DIDN'T KNOW THERE WERE MOUNTAINS LIKE THIS ON THE LOUISIANA COAST!



SPACEHAWK SWEEPS OUT OF THE SKY!

YOU! — YOU'RE SOMEHOW TO BLAME FOR THIS!

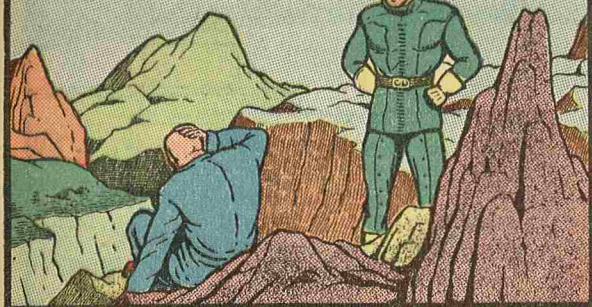
RIGHT! I THREW YOUR COMPASS OFF WHEN YOU WEREN'T AROUND! YOU'RE OVER THE SIERRA MADRE MOUNTAINS OF EASTERN MEXICO! — NOT OVER THE UNITED STATES!



SPACEHAWK PLACES DR. GORE ON THE PEAK OF A CRAG, WHERE HE REVIVES....

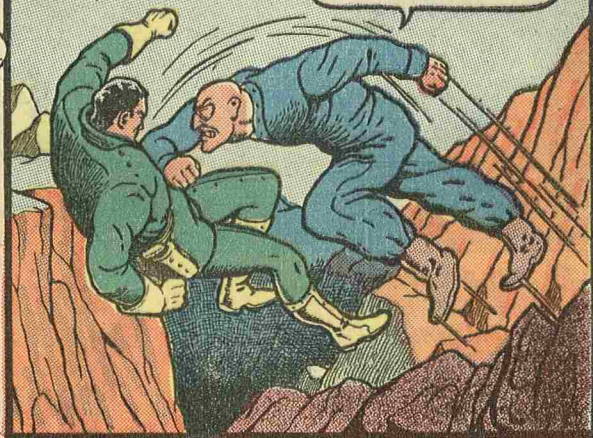
WHERE AM I?

YOU'RE SAFE, AND I'M GOING TO TAKE YOU TO A PLACE WHERE YOU'LL BE EVEN SAFER—BEHIND BARS!



FURIOUS, DR. GORE LEAPS UP AND CHARGES!

NO YOU WON'T!



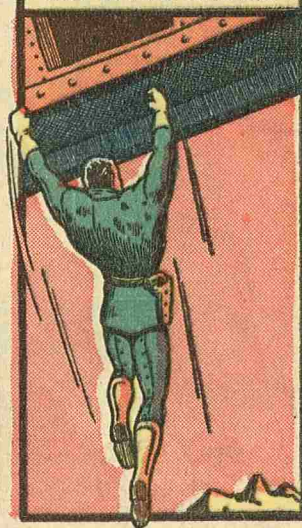
SPACEHAWK SAVES HIMSELF BY SNAPPING ON THE POWER IN HIS ANTI-GRAVITY BELT, BUT DR. GORE PLUNGES ON INTO THE YAWNING CHASM!



HE WON'T COME BACK THIS TIME! NO ONE COULD LIVE THRU THAT FALL!



SPACEHAWK ZIPS BACK UP TO HIS SPACE-SHIP....



NEXT MONTH

SPACEHAWK

GIVES THE UNITED STATES A NEW KIND OF DIVE BOMBER—THE SWIFTEST, DEADLIEST THING WITH WINGS. YOU CAN SEE WHAT HAPPENS WHEN SPACEHAWK TESTS IT IN

TARGET COMICS

PETE STOCKBRIDGE- *Alias* "THE Chameleon"

PETE IS A BUSY MAN THESE DAYS, RUNNING HIS BIG NEWSPAPER-THE "DAILY STAR"-WHILE RAGSY, HIS YOUNG WARD, IS SUPPOSED TO BE STUDYING UNDER A TUTOR....BUT RAGSY FINDS THIS STUDY BUSINESS A BORE, AND THREE-QUARTERS OF THE TIME HE IS FOLLOWING PETE'S REPORTERS AROUND, CHASING DOWN BIG NEWS STORIES

SCENE: THE FINAL, DRAMATIC MOMENT IN THE CAPTURE OF THE FAMOUS GETZ GANG BY CITY POLICE.... THERE IS A TREMENDOUS CROWD OF SPECTATORS PRESENT-REPORTERS, PHOTOGRAPHERS, AND-OF COURSE-RAGSY!



AN HOUR LATER-WHEN PETE SEES THE PHOTOS OF THE AFFAIR

WELL I'LL BE - HOW DID THAT LITTLE MONKEY GET INTO THIS??

WE DON'T KNOW!

WE SNAPPED THAT SHOT OF THE REMAINS OF THE GANG-AND THERE HE WAS!!



Getz Gang.

THE PHOTO-



THAT LITTLE SCAMP!
HE'S SUPPOSED TO BE HOME
STUDYING!! YOU BIRDS
SHOULD SHOO HIM HOME WHEN
HE TAGS AFTER YOU! BY
GOSH - I'LL FIX HIM!

SORRY,
BOSS!

PETE TELEPHONES HOME - GETS THE TUTOR -

HELLO - MR. WILBER? LISTEN -
WHERE'S RAGSY? YOU'RE SUPPOSED
TO KEEP HIM THERE
AND CRAM SOME
KNOWLEDGE
INTO HIM!

HEAVEN KNOWS I TRY, MR.
STOCKBRIDGE! BUT IT'S
IMPOSSIBLE! JUST THE TOOT
OF A FIRE WHISTLE - OR A
POLICE CAR, AND HE'S OFF
LIKE A SHOT OF LIGHTNING!

SURE ENOUGH! AT
THAT VERY MOMENT
RAGSY IS HOT AFTER
A BIG FIRE

BOY-!
WHAT A
BLAZE

JINGO!

JEEPERS-!
WHAT A STORY
THIS WILL
BE!

AND THAT
NIGHT WHEN PETE
SEES MORE NEWS PHOTOS -

AN HOUR LATER -

WHOOPEE!
SOMETHING'S UP
THIS TIME!

LOOK AT
THIS! THAT KID
IS IN EVERY
PICTURE!

HE POPS UP EVERY-
WHERE - LIKE A
JACK-IN-THE-BOX!

WE
COULDN'T
HELP IT,
BOSS!

SO WHEN
PETE GETS HOME -

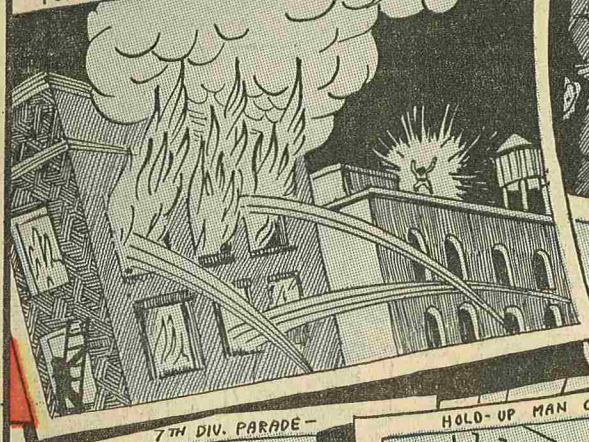
HI - PETE!
HAVE A BUSY
DAY?

YES I DID! AND
SO DID YOU - I SEE!

JUST TAKE A LOOK AT
THESE PHOTOS, YOUNG FELLA!

THE PHOTOS —

TUNBRIDGE FIRE —



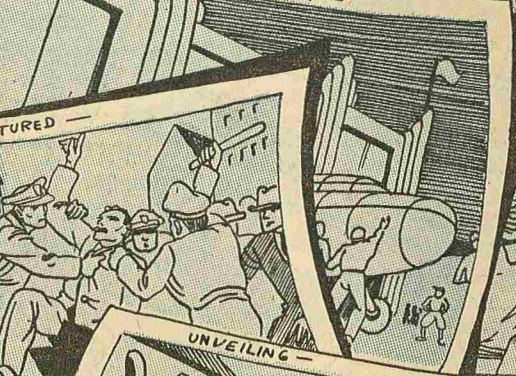
ARRIVAL OF MOVIE STARS —



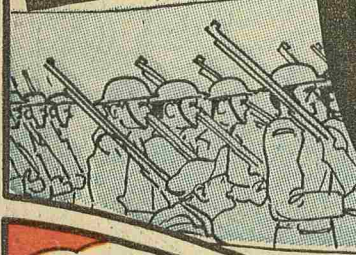
MAYORALTY RECEPTION —



SUPER BOMBER DISPLAY —



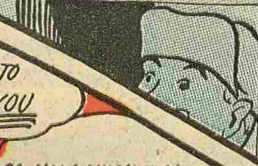
7TH DIV. PARADE —



HOLD-UP MAN CAPTURED —



INTERVIEW WITH CONGRESS MEN



UNVEILING —



EVERY PICTURE!

DO YOU REALIZE THAT THE PAPER REQUIRED TEN REPORTERS TO COVER ALL THESE EVENTS? AND YOU MANAGED TO GET TO ALL OF THEM ALONE!

SO, HOW MUCH TIME DID THAT LEAVE YOU TO STUDY? DARN LITTLE!

AW—

SO, FOR THE NEXT WEEK OR SO, RAGSY IS GOOD—SUFFERS THROUGH MR. WILBER'S DRY TEACHINGS

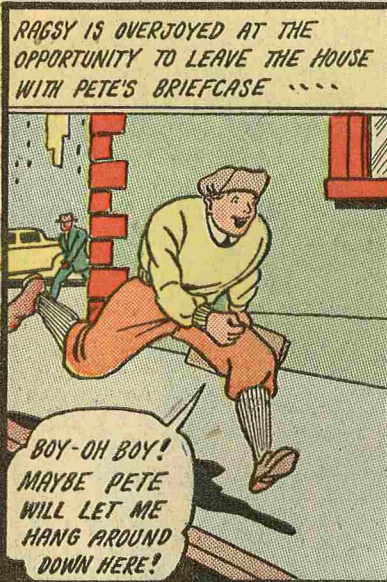
"THIS BAY, KNOWN AS THE 'TAPPAN ZEE'—IS A SPOT—RAGSY! ATTENTION!"

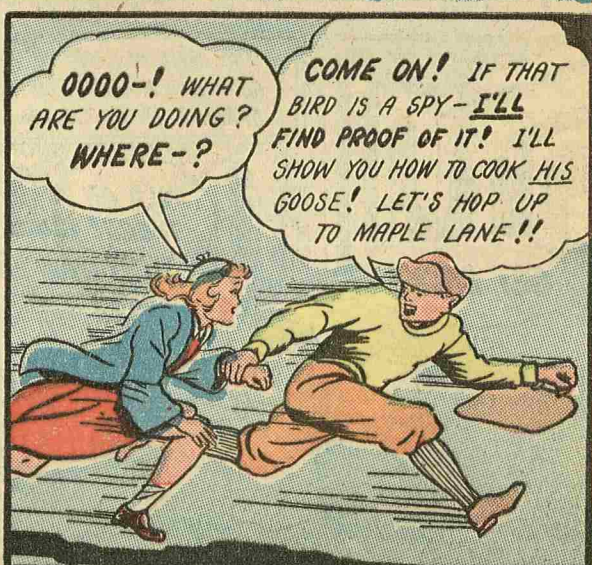
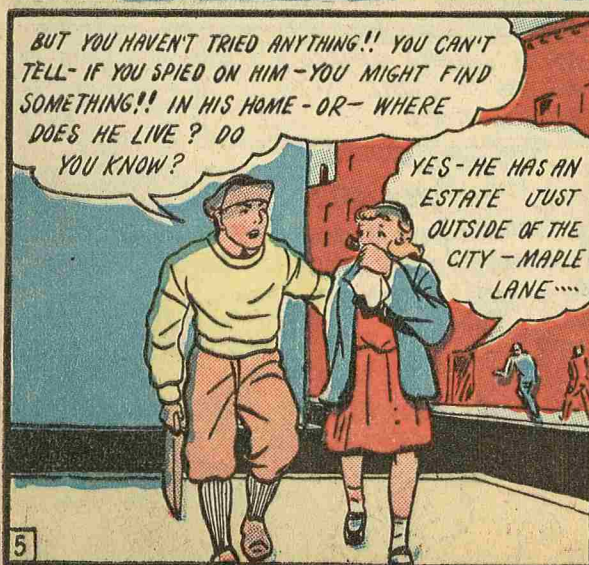
I'M LISTENING—GO AHEAD—GO AHEAD! HO-HUM!!

"AW— NOTHING!"

RAGSY, FROM NOW ON, I FORBID YOU TO CHASE AFTER THE REPORTERS! YOU DRIVE THEM CRAZY—AND BESIDES, IT'S TOO DARN DANGEROUS! UNDERSTAND?

AW— I GUESS SO—





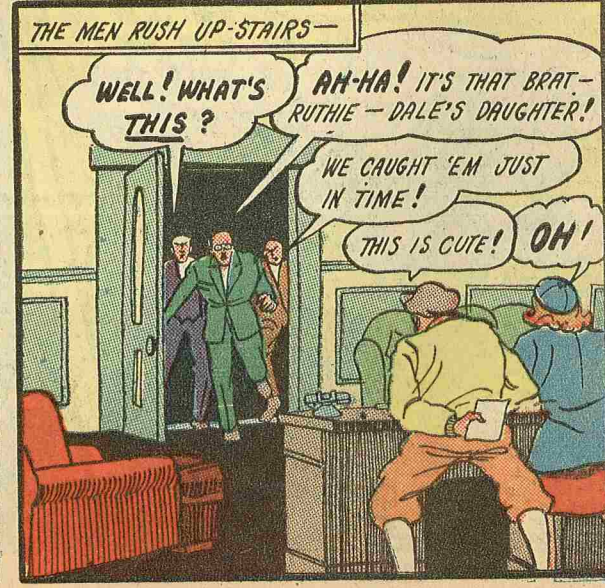
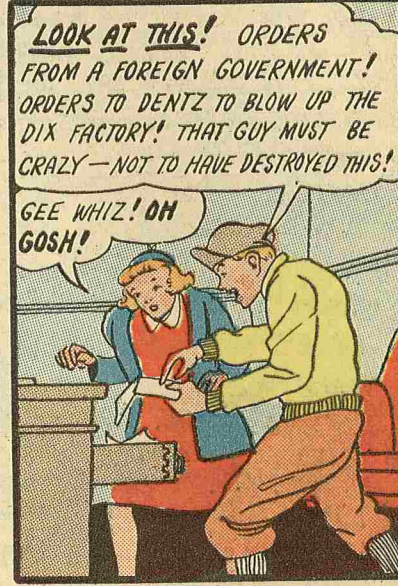
ONE HALF-HOUR LATER, THEY ARRIVE AT DENTZ'S HOUSE....



FINDING AN OPEN WINDOW, THE PAIR STEAL INSIDE....



THEY TIP-TOE THROUGH THE HALLS—



QUICKLY, RAGSY STUFFS THE DOCUMENT INTO HIS POCKET----

WE JUST DROPPED IN FOR TEA-- AND--

THE MEN RUSH FORWARD--

GRAB 'EM!

LITTLE SNOOPS - PRYING INTO MY DESK, EH--?

OUCH!

SLOW UP, MISTER!

SPLASH!

RAGSY SLAMS AN INKWELL AT ONE MAN --

-THEN DUCKS, AS ANOTHER MAN LUNGES AT HIM --

BANG!

C'MERE -- YOU LITTLE WEASEL!

YOU CATCH ME, PAL!

THEN THEY DO CATCH HIM!

HA! NOW WE GOT HIM!

I'LL STRANGLE THE LITTLE WRETCH!!

WE GOT THE GIRL!

GET SOME ROPE! WE'LL TIE THE BRATS UP!

LET ME GO - YOU YOU SPIES!

WHAT'LL WE DO WITH 'EM ??
HOLD STILL!

IN A MINUTE, BOTH ARE TIED HAND AND FOOT----

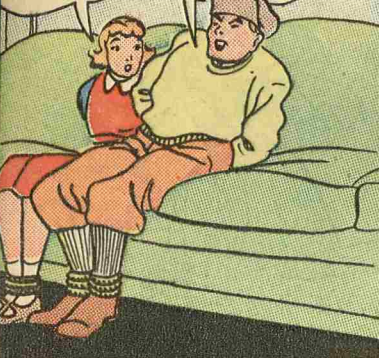
WHAT'S THAT, CHIEF?

WELL-WELL! THIS IS FINE! THE "STAR" PAPERS ON DALE! GOOD TESTIMONY FOR HIM! WE'LL LOOK IT OVER--THEN WE'LL BURN IT!!

LEFT ALONE, RAGSY TRIES TO GET LOOSE....

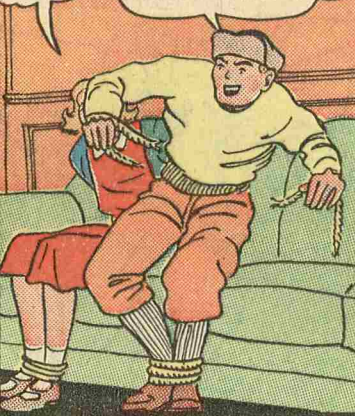
NOW WE'RE IN A FIX!!
GOSH, RAGSY—WHAT CAN WE DO?

HERE—TWIST AROUND AND SEE IF YOU CAN GET AT THIS ROPE—GET IT LOOSE! HURRY!



SUDDENLY HIS HANDS ARE FREE....

BOY! NICE WORK, RUTHIE! NOW—WHERE'S THAT PHONE?



HE UNTIES HIS FEET— THEN —

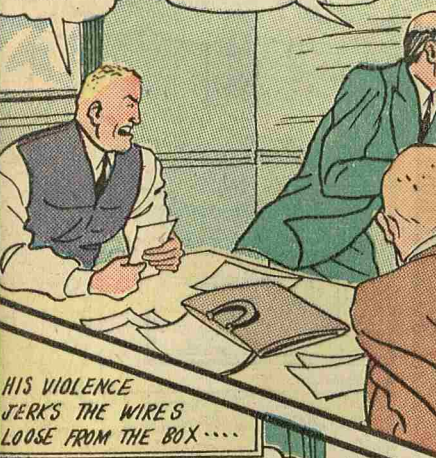
HELLO—!! HELLO! OPERATOR—OPERATOR!



BUT DENTZ BECOMES SUSPICIOUS AGAIN....

WHERE YOU GOING?

THOSE KIDS— I'VE GOT A FUNNY FEELING —



HE BURSTS INTO THE ROOM, SNATCHES THE PHONE FROM RAGSY'S HAND

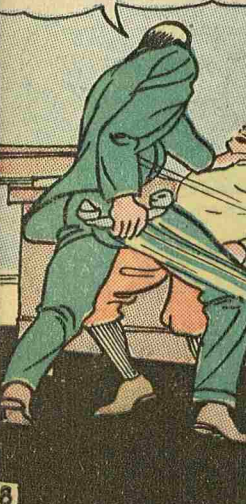
HA! YOU LITTLE SNAKE! I THOUGHT SO!

OH, NERTS— YOU AGAIN!



HIS VIOLENCE JERKS THE WIRES LOOSE FROM THE BOX....

THERE! YOU WON'T FOOL WITH THAT AGAIN!



HE THEN RE-TIES RAGSY'S BONDS....

NOW—STAY THERE!!



RAGSY—RAGSY! ARE YOU HURT?

OUCH!



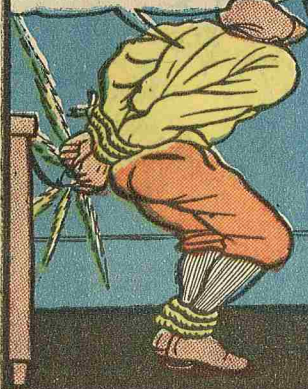
NO—I'M JUST THINKING—THOSE TWO RAW WIRES FROM THE PHONE LINE—MAYBE IF I TOUCHED 'EM TOGETHER IN THE MORSE CODE, THEY'D REGISTER AT A SWITCHBOARD SOMEWHERE!



BY GOSH— I'M GOING TO TRY IT!

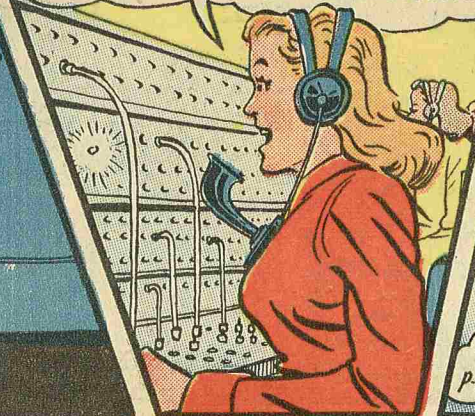
STRUGGLING TO HIS FEET, RAGSY BEGINS TO TAP OUT A MESSAGE WITH THE WIRES.

LET'S SEE NOW- DASH-
DOT-DASH-DASH- DOT-



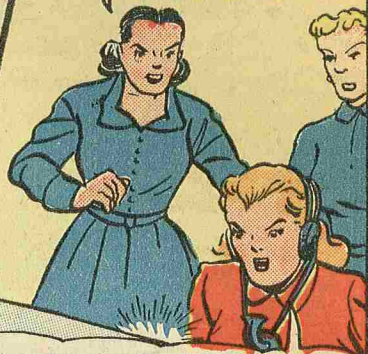
IMMEDIATELY, A LIGHT IN THE CENTRAL SWITCH-
BOARD OFFICE BEGINS TO BLINK....

GOOD HEAVENS! THIS IS FUNNY! THAT'S
THE MORSE CODE! OH-SUPERVISOR!



THE SUPERVISOR COMES UP

YOU'RE RIGHT! IT IS CODE!!
TAKE IT DOWN! QUICKLY!



-MAPLE-LANE- TELL -
PETER-STOCK-BRIDGE- GOSH!

MEANWHILE- IN HIS OFFICE- PETE IS
FRANTICALLY WORRIED ABOUT RAGSY....

THAT LITTLE DEVIL! THREE
HOURS AGO- I TOLD HIM TO
BRING ME THAT BRIEF-
CASE! I'LL-



HELLO WHAT? CENTRAL?
WHAT? CODE MESSAGE! YES!
HOLY COW! ALL RIGHT-SHOOT!

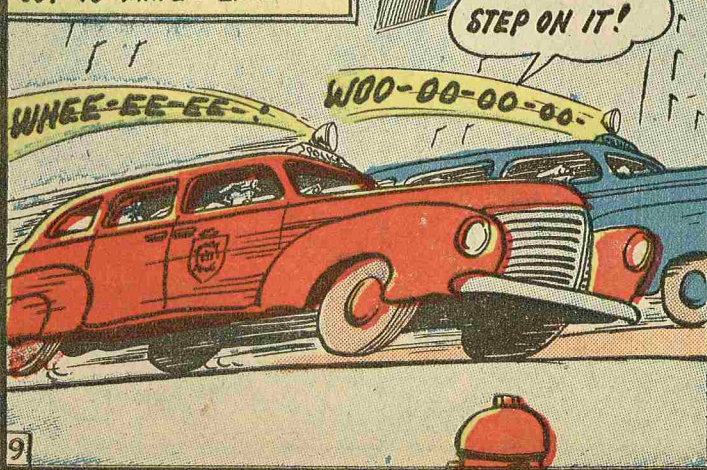


JUMPING CHRISTOPHER! IT'S THE KID!
HE'S BEEN CAPTURED BY SPIES!
GET THE POLICE- THE RIOT SQUAD!
HURRY! I'LL BE RIGHT ALONG!



TEN MINUTES LATER, PETE IS DIRECTING
A STRONG FORCE OF POLICE AND AGENTS
OUT TO MAPLE LANE

STEP ON IT!



AND IN NO TIME DENTZ'S HOUSE
IS SURROUNDED

OKAY, MEN!
START CLOSING
IN!

AND DON'T
HESITATE TO
SHOOT!

LET'S
GO!



TRAPPED, DENTZ AND HIS MEN BEGIN TO SHOOT IT OUT...



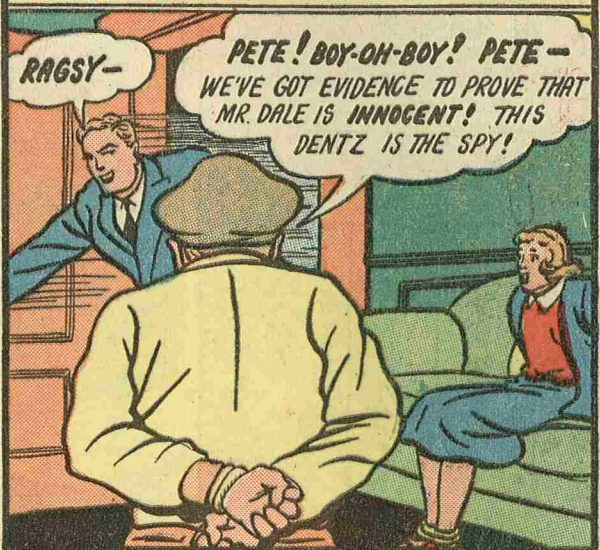
PETE AND THE POLICE CRASH IN A REAR DOOR....



ONCE ENTRY IS MADE, THE FIGHT IS SHORT AND SWEET....



A FEW MINUTES LATER, PETE BURSTS INTO THE STUDY....



RAGSY PRODUCES HIS DOCUMENT....



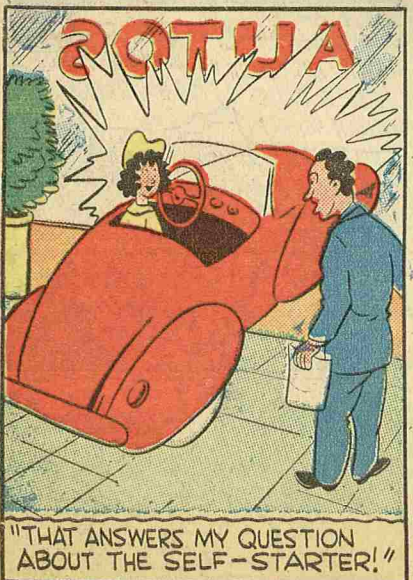
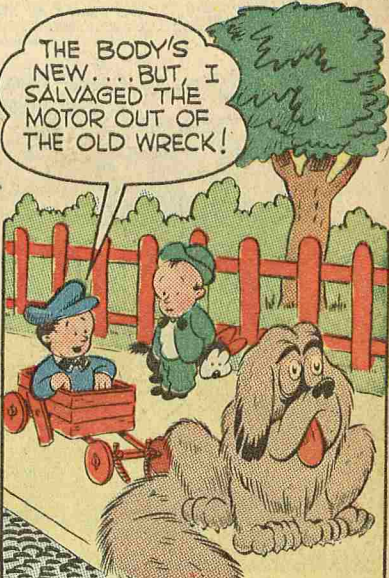
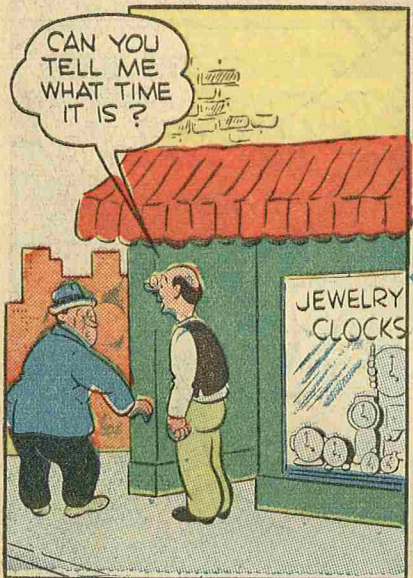
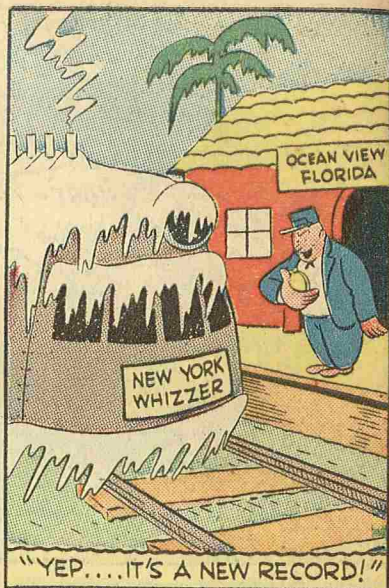
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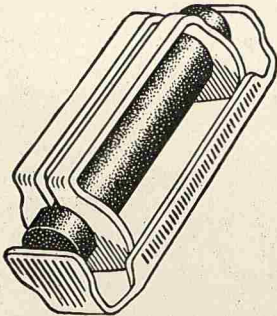
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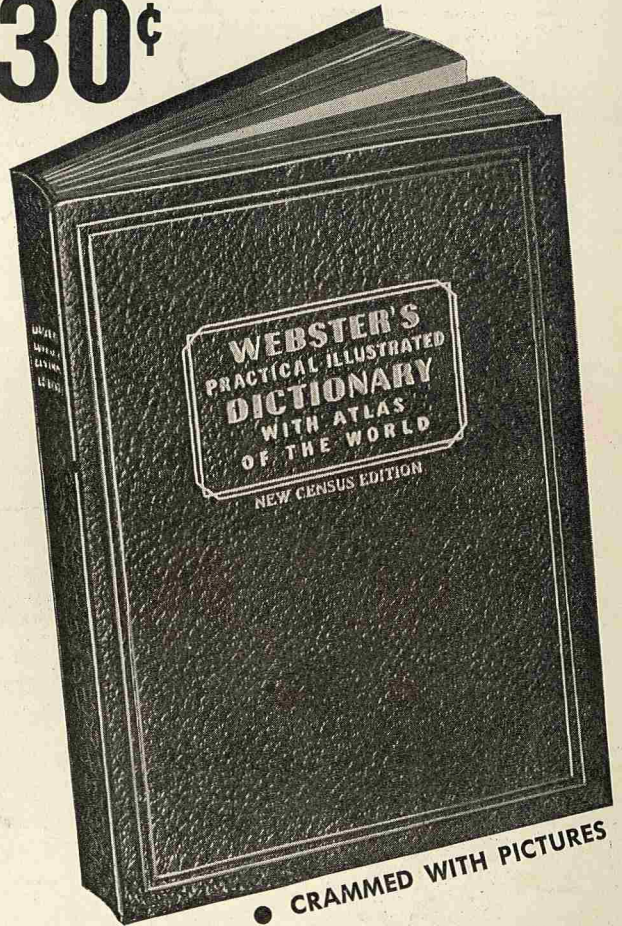
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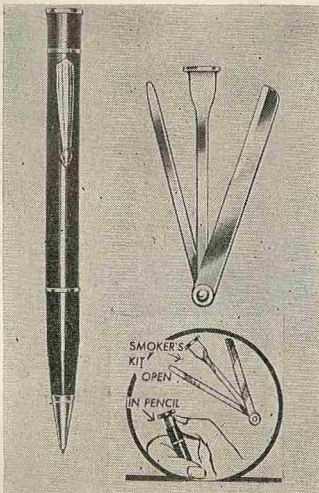
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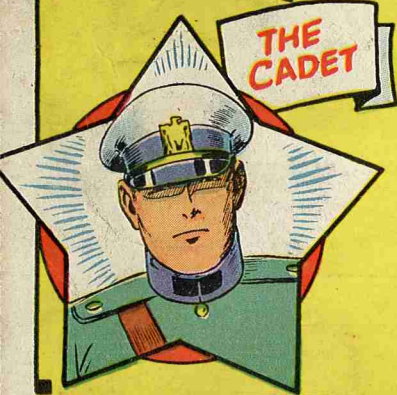
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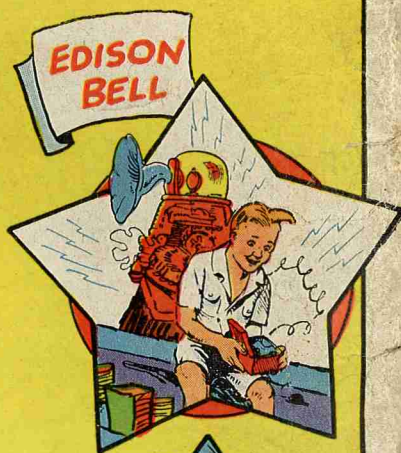
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